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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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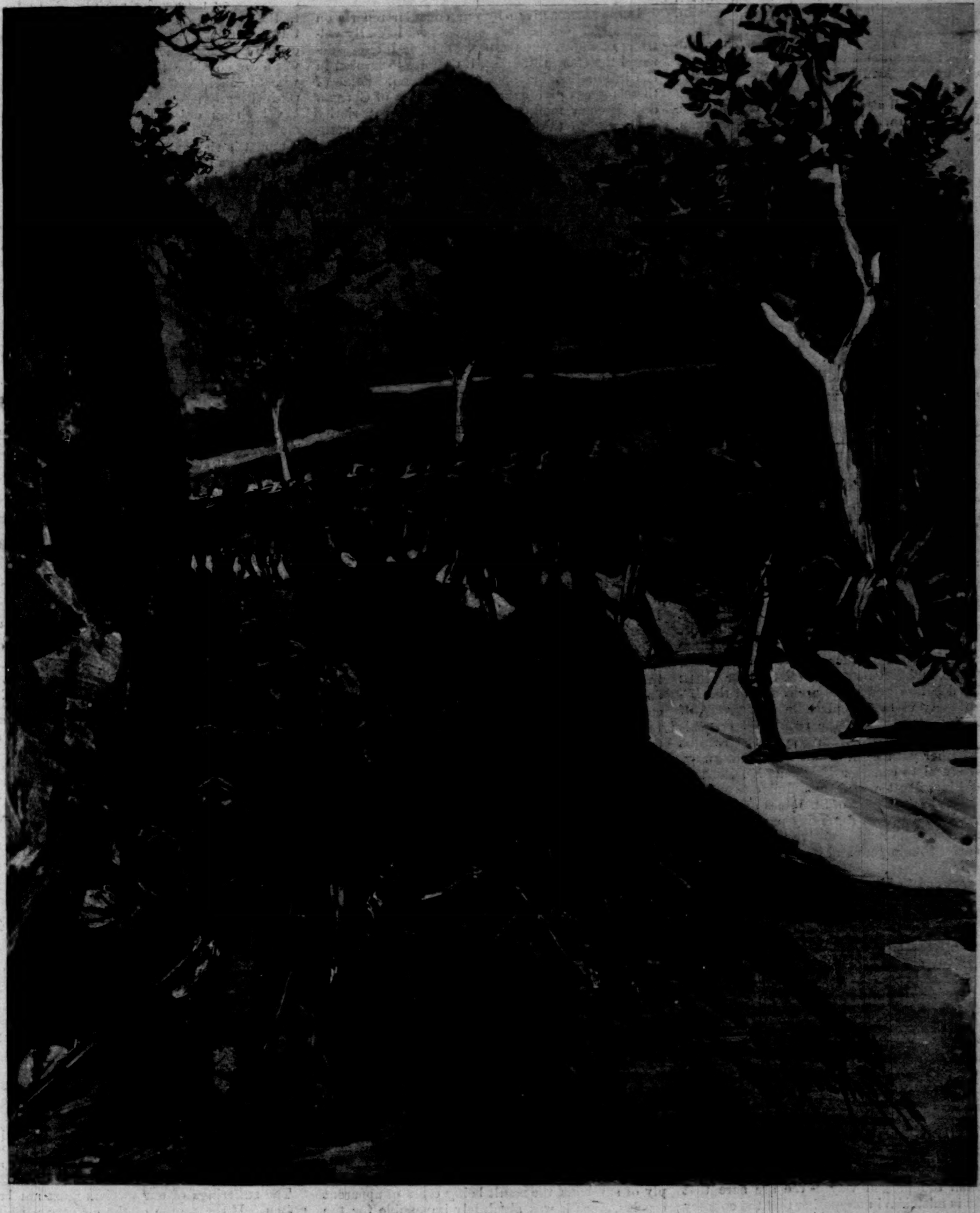

WITH OUR TROOPS IN PUERTO RICO.

THE 4TH OHIO VOLUNTEERS, COLONEL COIT, IN A SKIRMISH AT BARRIO DE LAS PALMAS ON THE ROAD TO CAYEY.

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP FROM A SKETCH BY T. DART WALKER, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL MILES'S FORCES.—[SEE PAGE 897]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1898

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

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IT is evident from the statement by Dr. SENN, and from the conclusions reached by the corps of surgeons at the camp, that Montauk ought to be abandoned at once. Both Dr. SENN and Dr. EDSON unite in saying that if the camp remain, there will be an outbreak of typhoid more terrible than the country has ever yet known. The abandonment of this camp is entirely within the power of the War Department.

WE wish to call attention to the letter on Montauk Point which will be found in another column. The charges which have been made against the officers of the Seventy-first Regiment are of so grave a character that they must not be overlooked. The United States government is the only power which can adequately punish men guilty of such offences as have been charged against these officers. In order that punishment may be meted out, if it be deserved, this regiment should not be mustered out until a thorough investigation has been had of all the charges made against its officers. Meantime, of course, the men can remain at home, but the United States should keep control until punishment has been administered, or until it has been proved that punishment is not deserved.

THE new development in the DREYFUS case is a severe blow to the French army and to the French nation. It was already known that DREYFUS was convicted on secret testimony, and now it turns out that part of this secret testimony was forged by Colonel HENRY for the protection of the headquarters staff. HENRY has committed suicide, and General BOISDEFFRE, the head of the staff and the president of the DREYFUS court martial, has resigned. The world knows that DREYFUS has not been proved guilty, and that the army has insisted that the nation should do him the injustice for the protection of the army itself against suspicion of general corruption and even of treason.

WE regret exceedingly that Mr. HOAR does not find the English embassy desirable or practicable. Mr. HAY ought to have a worthy successor, because he himself is a worthy successor to Mr. LOWELL, Mr. PHELPS, and Mr. BAYARD, and Senator HOAR is qualified before almost any one else in the Republican party to take a place in this group of worthy representatives of the republic. But this lesson, at least, we learn from one of the reasons given, whether with truth or not we do not know, for his refusal to consider President MCKINLEY'S offer to him: Must we always find our worthy ambassadors to the Court of St. James among rich men, or will the nation some day pay a sufficient compensation to its representative to enable a poor man to accept its honors and its duties?

WE are glad to learn that Secretary LONG and the Navy Department are intending to do something to reform the grotesque character of the present methods of rewarding officers. As the WEEKLY has pointed out, there is no way at present to promote a naval officer for worthy service except at the expense of his brother officers. We have received several communications on this subject, and the country at large, which is interested in the navy, seems to feel that the government ought itself to pay its heroes, and should not charge their reward upon presumably equally capable officers who have not had an opportunity to distinguish themselves. Mr. LONG, we understand, proposes a roll of honor for the promoted men and an increase of their pay. This is well. Another way would be to group the promoted officer with an officer at the time several numbers ahead of him, both going up together. Some way certainly might be found better than the present way. We are sure that Congress is mistaken in supposing that the country would object to paying the bill of its own gratitude.

GENERAL WOOD is making excellent use of his authority over the district of Santiago. His first aim has been to enforce order and restore confidence, and then to establish an American school system as far as conditions would permit. He has increased the number of the police, and reduced the salaries of a number of officials who were very expensive and little more than ornamental. His reform of the schools is admirable. It was found that functionaries known as school commissioners were getting most of the pay for comparatively little work, while miserably underpaid teachers were giving such defective instruction as their training fitted them for. General WOOD has increased the salaries of the teachers, and provided for the teaching of the English language therein. These changes may be unpalatable at first to Spanish and Cuban prejudice and indolence, but with experience will come a gradual consciousness of what intelligent citizenship means. It has been noticed already that new energy seems to have been diffused among the inhabitants of the city, and that even the daily siesta seems to have been given up.

INFORMATION given by our consular reports on the character of Eastern markets is especially valuable just now, when American trade interests demand the closest attention if they are to succeed in the international competition going on. Some of these reports give exhaustive analyses of German and French methods, awarding the superiority generally to the former. The German government sends out commissions of experts with the object of examining Chinese and Japanese markets, the peculiarities of taste in fabrics, the manner of packing goods, and the terms of credit most satisfactory to the purchasers. French methods are very similar, though not marked by an equal thoroughness in detail. The lesson most clearly taught by the success of the Germans and the French seems to be the necessity of employing commercial travellers who are thoroughly acquainted with the minutiæ of foreign trade needs, and who are trained adepts in the science of export trade. In Germany there are departments in commercial schools specially devoted to this purpose. It would seem that we must follow in a similar path if the best results are to be obtained.

OUR London letter of this week is of exceptional interest. Lord CHARLES BERESFORD'S mission to China is of great moment to the United States. There is no doubt that China is the most important of the unexplored territories of the earth, so far as commerce is concerned. The civilized world has never lived on very familiar terms with this great empire, but the advantages that have been obtained there have resulted from the skill and enterprise of British and American negotiators and merchants. The equal footing upon which all nations now stand with respect to that part of China opened to trade is threatened by Russia. The dominance of Russia, or the dominance of Germany or of France, wherever these nations make colonies, means an effort to establish exclusive trade with that colony for the mother-country. Our trade and British trade with China mean the trade of the "open door," at least for that part of the country which is controlled by Great Britain or by the United States. It is to promote and foster such interests as ours that Lord CHARLES BERESFORD has gone to China. We have reason to believe that his mission is of far greater importance than appears on the surface. The merchants and the government of the United States ought to watch his effort with great interest, and manifest for it the deepest sympathy.

THE responsibility for the wrongs that have been done our soldiers is widespread. For example, we refer to the report of General H. V. BOYNTON, a most intelligent and courageous officer, and an absolutely trustworthy man. General BOYNTON attributes a good deal of the sickness at Camp Thomas to the ignorance of the volunteer officers, and to their failure to enforce sanitary regulations prescribed by the doctors. The consequences were that the men drank polluted water, that sinks were put dangerously near to camps (in one case a sink being within thirty feet of the kitchen). In another case, that of the Ninth Pennsylvania, the sinks were so constructed that the overflow caused by rain spread over the camp. General BOYNTON also describes what he calls "the unspeakably filthy condition" of the camp of the First Illinois. The advice of the surgeons to pitch tents where they could be moved backward and forward, so that the sun might get at the bedding, was almost absolutely neglected. There was also an inadequate supply of surgeons, the result being cases of apparent cruelty, since it was absolutely impossible for the surgeons to make a thorough examination of the men applying for attention. All these facts are reminders of the still greater fact that when we went into the war we were unprepared for it, and that we did not take the time or the proper precautions to minimize the consequences of our unprepared state. But in view of these facts, why are not charges preferred by General BOYNTON or some one else?

THE other day a regular soldier of the United States army, speaking of the new uniform which he had on, and in reply to a question as to whether the government would charge him for it, his old uniform having been ruined in Cuba, said: "The government hasn't anything to do with this. Miss HELEN GOULD gave me this." We are glad that some one has given the soldiers of the United States army decent clothes and needed food. We spoke last week of the appeal made by General YOUNG in behalf of the regulars. It has been responded to by the merchants of this city, who sent to Camp Wikoff a boat-load of provisions, the boat also having been provided free of expense for the purpose. Large quantities of milk and of other delicacies, or necessaries, are also daily furnished to the soldiers. But nearly all the improvement that has thus far taken place at Camp Wikoff is due to private charity. Let this be remembered when we consider the subject, for it will not be wise to conclude that the government has accomplished many reforms. The government thus far has been an object of charity. Its soldiers are clothed and fed by private generosity. The government is rich and powerful, and ought to do all these things itself. It is just as disgraceful for it to be the object of charity as it is for a private citizen to accept alms. But the trouble is that the government has not intelligence enough to employ efficiently its great resources in the ordinary work of feeding and clothing its servants who have fought for it in the field. It is relieved of this task by good men and good women, who will always have to perform it so long as Congress insists upon controlling and commanding the army.

THE HORRORS OF OUR WAR.

THE country has had its war and its victory, and is now horrified at the consequences of army incompetency and mismanagement. We have had our glory, and are finding out the terrible cost of it. The other day the remnant of the Seventy-first Regiment which was spared by war and disease came home to recover or to die. The men who rode could not have walked from the Battery to their armory without disastrous consequences. The regiment went to the war 1043 strong. It lost 14 killed in battle, and 64 were wounded, and 331 were in line or in the cars. The rest were dead, or on furlough, or in hospital in Cuba and at Camp Wikoff, and those who returned were, most of them, gaunt and yellow images of the men they had been, some of them so weak that they wept because of the kindness of their reception, while others stared at the cheering crowds with the wild strange look of men to whom the things of earth are of little moment. The condition of affairs at Camp Wikoff, and especially in this regiment, may be learned from a private letter and an article which will be found elsewhere in this paper.

A terrible episode has occurred in the history of the country—an episode so criminal that the glory of war and victory has been dimmed by the wrath caused by the wrongs and sufferings of the soldiers who have fought the war and achieved the glory. We are seeing the other side of war, and it is even more terrible than it ought to be. Thirty-three years ago we saw the soldiers coming home after a war that had endured for four years. Many of them had lived in camps and fought over fields from which the skeletons of to-day are carried to the hospital. We saw the veterans of that great conflict march home. Their ranks were thin. Some companies brought back a file or two led by a non-commissioned officer. Some men rode in carriages; but they were wounded men, not men sick with fevers. The men who marched moved with the vigorous stride of health. In that day we did not see such ghastly reminders of the war as we are seeing now in camp and on the return of the men who enlisted for the war, unless we saw the victims of Southern prisons. Then we saw men starved because their captors had nothing for them. Now we see men starved and fever-stricken because their government has not the capacity to take care of them, and even seems indifferent to their suffering.

The sufferings of our soldiers must not be forgotten. If the people of the country permit this scandal to find a grave before some one is punished, they will thereby make themselves accomplices in the crime. What has happened? An army of 250,000 men has been raised. A successful campaign has been fought in Cuba with one corps. A triumphal progress has been made in Puerto

Rico by General MILES. Manila has been captured by Admiral DEWEY with the aid of troops under General MERRITT. The losses upon the field of battle were almost nothing. The ravages of disease and the hardships of the men by reason of neglect, of lack of food so great that men have died of starvation, of want of proper clothing, of insufficient tentage, are hideous; and the evil is still existing; in some quarters it is even spreading. Moreover, it is not confined to the troops who fought in Cuba. The men who were encamped in Florida and at Chickamauga are the victims of starvation and of disease-breeding conditions that were entirely preventable. If we should say that the government is returning to the people an army rotting with disease, we should not greatly exaggerate. And this is absolutely true, that nothing that we have gained is worth the sacrifice which our men have suffered for it, for nothing which we have gained would have been lost if we had waited to take it until the army in all its branches was prepared for the adventure.

Who is responsible for it all? That is a question much more easily asked than answered. The country is accusing the Secretary of War, and, in its rage against him, is in danger of overlooking criminals more directly responsible, and something of much greater consequence than is the guilt of any individual. Probably Mr. ALGER's own attitude towards his accusers increases the anger against him. It will not do to deny that exceptional and unnecessary evils of misery have been inflicted upon the soldiers, and that these are the results of incompetency and of lack of preparation. It is not an excuse for the wretched conditions of camps and hospitals, for deaths due to neglect and starvation, that the War Department has actually accomplished a wonderful amount of work. This attitude makes Mr. ALGER appear indifferent to the sufferings of the soldiers, and we do not believe that he is indifferent. He is doubtless suffering more than many of his accusers. But there must be an investigation, and Mr. ALGER should encourage it, although he is perfectly right in refusing to order it. The President must order it, and it should not be conducted by interested persons. The President can appoint a commission of his own. Such a commission, it seems to us, ought to be composed of the best and most experienced officers of the regular army, sanitary experts, and private citizens of marked business and legal ability. It should be a commission on army affairs, and should have authority to go to the bottom of the trouble. Above all, it should not be composed of Congressmen, and a Congressional investigation should be discouraged; for the great criminal in this matter is Congress, and the master-evil—the evil that makes an efficient army in this country absolutely impossible—is the system of army administration which has resulted from Congressional command.

The fact that we have medical, quartermaster, and commissary departments inadequate to the task of emergencies is due to Congressional penuriousness. The fact that the staff corps are filled up with the sons of politicians and with the favorites of politicians is due to the greed of politicians—a greed whose indulgence in time of war is perilously near treason. The fact that red tape so effectually ties up, hampers, and limits the activities of administrative officers of the army is due to Congressional meddling. So petty, so minute, so foolish, is the control over the army exercised by Congress that if a commissary should replace to a soldier the ration thrown away in the heat of a fight, he would do so at his own risk, and very likely would have to go to Congress for an appropriation to reimburse him. This is an example of the character of Congressional administration. Congress commands the land forces of the government, and it is responsible for the system which makes inevitable inefficient staff departments, and which compels the President to employ in war hundreds of inexperienced civilians to do work that requires military training and experience.

Having an army consisting of a line that has shown itself the peer of any fighting line of equal size in the world, with a staff that had no experience in administration of large affairs, and that was deficient in personnel and material; having so little ammunition that, six weeks after the war broke out, there were only five shots in the best furnished fort in New York Harbor; having an artillery force to which it had refused the necessary funds for learning how to fire its guns; having guns without carriages and forts without range-finders; having too little smokeless powder; being unprepared in almost every respect but in the possession of a score of thousand fighting-men, and even refusing to make further provision—Congress plunged the country into war. In this it was helped by the yellow journals; and Congress and the yellow journals, not content with declaring war, insisted that the campaign should be begun without artillery, without proper means for transportation, without a sufficient number of trained medical, quartermaster, and commissary officers; without means for distributing the medical and food supplies, which had been in some places abundantly provided by the authorities at Washington. Without proper clothing or proper food for the tropics, the troops were rushed into Cuba, under a commander incompetent to do what might have been done to remedy the evils, and, after a free fight against a weak enemy, Santiago was taken, and disease and famine entered upon their perfect work. The signs now are that this war will breed more scandal than glory. The WEEKLY, both editorially and in a letter written by Mr. POULTNEY BIGELOW, was the first to warn the government of the direful consequences that would necessarily result from this state of things, and we greatly regret that our own and Mr. BIGELOW's forebodings have turned out to be true. The responsibility for the crime rests so heavily upon the authors of the war that their delinquencies must be exposed. Punish the guilty administrative officers, of course, but let not the many-headed criminal escape. It has been proved that, as this government is organized, it cannot carry on war. To rush it into war, then, was horrible; but be it borne in mind that so long as Congress rules the army, the first days of any war into which we may enter will end in such horrors, in such crimes, as those which are to-day filling our hearts with wrath.

POLITICS IN NEW YORK AND CONNECTICUT.

THE Republicans of New York and Connecticut have this year the opportunity of showing what the war has done towards purifying their politics. We have already expressed our opinion concerning the candidacy of Colonel ROOSEVELT in New York State. Sometimes Mr. PLATT seems to be in favor of his nomination, sometimes he seems to be against it. It is disgraceful that he should control it, and that he does control it under existing conditions is well known. Suppose that PLATT finally decides against the nomination of Mr. ROOSEVELT, is there virtue enough in the Republican party of the State of New York to overthrow PLATT and compel his nomination? It is not even necessary in order to accomplish this that the Republicans of the State should control the primaries. If they express their opinion strongly enough, and if they insist that Colonel ROOSEVELT shall be nominated, PLATT will be forced to yield.

There is also an opportunity, as we have already stated, open to the Republicans of Connecticut. An admirable candidate is in the field in the person of Mr. JOHN ADDISON PORTER, private secretary to the President. Mr. PORTER is especially well circumstanced. Party regularity, according to the traditions of the Republicans of Connecticut, demands his nomination. Mr. PORTER has been diligent in honorable party work. He has performed excellent service as a member of the House of Representatives of the State, and in various other positions, including his present honorable office. Above all, he is a man admirably equipped for the office of Governor, and would carry into it high purpose and a resolution to correct abuses and put an end to the corruption that has made the State a byword. But it is just at this point that the opposition begins. The Republican party of the State of Connecticut is under the control of as miserable a set of creatures as ever disgraced modern politics. The bosses are many, and every one of them is infinitely mean. For a number of years the two Senators from the State, Senators HAWLEY and PLATT, have been among the very few thoroughly honorable men connected with Republican party politics. It has been the custom of the Republican politicians of the State to buy nominations and elections, and it is openly charged by some of the best men in the State that if Mr. GEORGE LOUNSBURY this year secures the nomination for Governor instead of Mr. PORTER, it will be by reason of the corrupt use of money. We do not know whether or not this accusation is true, but it is almost universally believed throughout the State. On the other hand, Mr. PORTER, although a man of means, has absolutely refused to make use of money in politics for anything but legitimate expenses; he has declined to promise ex-Governor BULKLEY to remove the present insurance commissioner in case he is elected, the fault of the insurance commissioner apparently having been that he compelled BULKLEY's company to pay over several hundred thousand dollars to the State. Mr. PORTER has not only refused to make this promise to BULKLEY, but he has declined to make any promises whatever, or, as we have already stated, to expend any money to secure his nomination or election. If he be defeated, it will be because he stands for pure politics, for hostility to the corrupt Republican machine of the State. The Republicans of Connecticut can prevent his defeat and the triumph of the machine if they are virtuous enough to seize their opportunity.

These two opportunities for the Republican voters to show that they have been inspired to better impulses by the war, and by the excitation of their patriotic feelings, come at an opportune time.

"THE ARMED CAMP."

THERE have been many proposals for universal disarmament before now, but never one from such a significant quarter. Peace congresses, philanthropists, philosophers, enthusiasts, poets, have all had their say on the subject, but not until now has a decisive word come from a monarch with the power to advance as well as a temperament to applaud the old ideal. And from no other ruler on this earth to-day could that word have come with half the sobering weight as from the Czar of Russia. Only yesterday it seemed as though the great Slav Empire threatened danger to the peace of the world. Her successes in China were being pushed to the very brink of war with Great Britain; her policy was the object of profoundest suspicion; and nine out of every ten men were saying that the trial of strength was come at last, and that Russia had brought it on. A fortnight ago one would have as soon expected universal suffrage from Hungary as universal peace from Russia. And in the midst of this tumult, the very cause of it comes calmly forward with a plea for an international conference on furling the battle-flags and beating the swords into pruning-hooks! That, if you like, is reformation in a flood.

"It will lead to nothing," says the wise world, which does not much believe in these sudden repentances. "It is only the rhapsody of a sentimental young man, who has probably been reading TOLSTOI on the sly. Russia, which is not the Czar, doesn't really mean it. Obviously it is just a dodge to gain time, and we shall hear no more of it when the railroad reaches Port Arthur. And for the rest, what country is willing to begin the disarmament? Not Germany, till her flag is flying from an Adriatic port. Not France, while Alsace-Lorraine goads her like a poisoned thorn. Not England, while she has still an empire to protect. Who then? Italy perhaps, and possibly Denmark and Belgium; but no one else. And even supposing the really important powers were to agree to forego all their ambitions, and spend no more money on national defence, who would look to it that they kept their pledge? Who would be the general overseer of the nations? What authority could prevent them from building more ships, and adding battalion to battalion? The thing is impossible. Like all your visionary dreams, it cuts pedantically at the strongest passion in human nature, at history, at the elemental facts of life. It can never be realized."

It may be so; the poet's Utopia may not in our time descend upon the world. But this much at least is certain, that during the last eighty years the settlement of national differences otherwise than by the sword has grown more and more in favor. Every year sees a greater unwillingness to let loose the dogs of war. Disputes which a century ago would have made an unquestionable *casus belli*, are now referred, almost as a matter of course, to the decision of arbitrators. What is the Quebec Conference, now sitting at our very doors, but a sign of this spirit of mercy and good sense? What was the recent Anglo-French West-African Boundary Commission but another triumph for the cause of international reasonableness? The last forty-five years of the world's history have barely known a clear twelve months of peace, yet through them all the sentiment of the times has moved away from the crudeness, and usually futile barbarity, of war towards a quieter and more humane solution.

The Czar's invitation is addressed primarily to Europe, and not to us. Five years ago we should have been the first to respond in sympathy with his note. To-day it is not a little odd that from the country with such a record of aggressiveness as Russia there should come a proposal for universal peace just at the moment when the United States, which has always stood as the very antithesis of Continental militarism, is recklessly plunging into imperialism and its inevitable accompaniments. The country is not in the mood at present to appreciate disarmament. Imperialism has not yet shown its true face.

TWO-STORY TENT OF CALIFORNIA TROOPS, CAMP DEWEY.

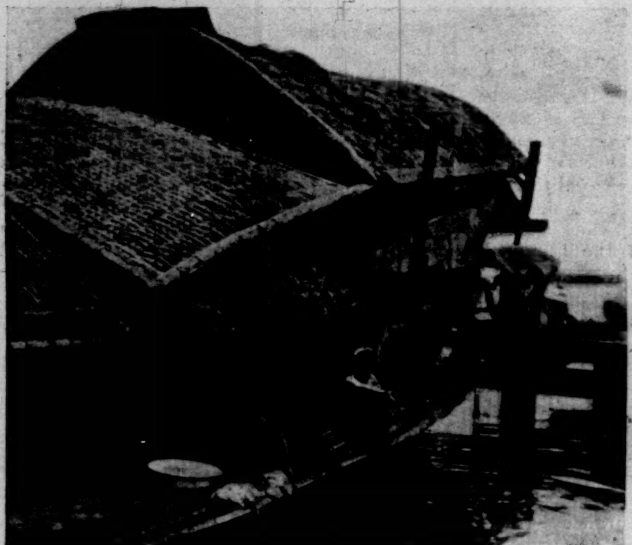
ENCAMPMENT OF COLORADO TROOPS, CAMP DEWEY.

GENERAL MERRITT AND STAFF ON THE BEACH AT TAMBO.

GENERAL MERRITT AND OFFICERS ON TRANSPORT "NEWPORT," APPROACHING MANILA.

NATIVE BULLOCK-CART LOADED WITH LOOT FROM A SPANISH CHURCH

TAGALO WATER-CARRIER.


WOMEN OF A CASCO WASHING CLOTHES IN THE BAY.

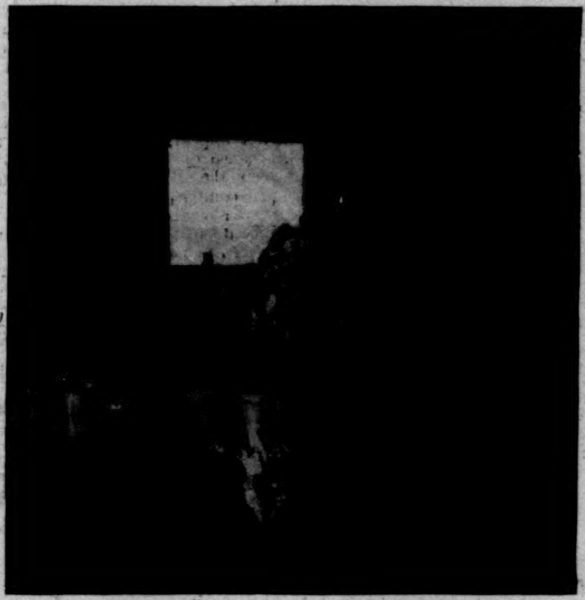
BEGGAR-WOMAN, CAVITE.

WITH OUR TROOPS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

— PHOTOGRAPHS BY MESSRS. MILLET, BASS, AND DAVIS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 898.]

SMOOTH-BORE GUN MOUNTED IN INSURGENT TRENCHES.

SPANISH FIELD-PIECE CAPTURED BY INSURGENTS.



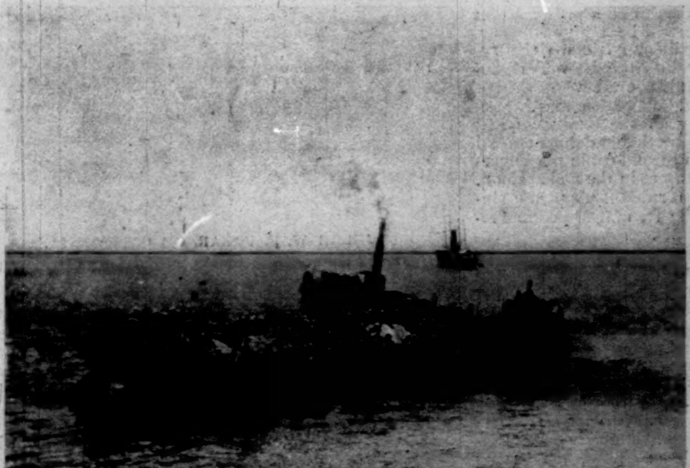
GENERAL F. V. GREENE'S HEADQUARTERS.

IN THE INSURGENT TRENCHES.

UNDER FIRE IN THE INSURGENT TRENCHES.

SEÑOR TORRES, SECRETARY TO AGUINALDO.

TROOPS JUST ARRIVED AT CAMP DEWEY.



"RAPIDO" TOWING CASCOS WITH NEBRASKA TROOPS ASHORE FROM TRANSPORT "SENATOR."

NEBRASKA TROOPS DEBARKING AND MOVING TO CAMP DEWEY.

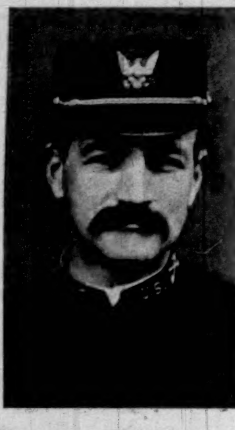
WITH OUR TROOPS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MESSRS. BASS AND DAVIS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 898.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE anti-vaccination movement in England seems to be enjoying at least a temporary success. A bill lately passed to a third reading in the House of Commons which provides that "no parent or other person shall be liable to any penalty under the vaccination act of 1867 if he satisfies justices in petty sessions that he conscientiously believes vaccination would be prejudicial to the health of the child."

This bill, if it becomes a law, will of course do away with compulsory vaccination. Now compulsory vaccination is a considerable hardship for persons who object to it. It is well known that out of thousands of cases of vaccination there are a very few that result disastrously. Children have been poisoned by vaccination, and have died or suffered from painful diseases. The opponents of vaccination make the most of these cases, and tell extremely terrifying stories about them, maintaining that compulsory vaccination is an outrage on human rights, and a bigoted and cowardly concession to the opinions of doctors.



LIEUT. W. E. SHIPP,
10th U. S. Cavalry—A Victim of the Battle of San Juan.

It is without doubt an infringement upon personal rights, and only one thing can justify it. That thing is small-pox. At present vaccination has driven small-pox out of existence in civilized countries. Ordinarily there is none in sight, and the anti-vaccinationists have only a traditional bugaboo to fight. It seems hardly a matter of very serious concern whether their objections prevail or not. If they defeat compulsory vaccination, and small-pox returns, some lives will be lost and the public health will suffer. But once small-pox makes a little headway again, the inconveniences and risks of vaccination will seem so petty by comparison that compulsory vaccination will come back with a rush.

Every generation inclines to demand that it shall have its own experiences. We all know, as a historical fact, that war is dreadful and disastrous, but in its absence, when protracted, its terrors fade and its incidental glories brighten, so that some folks who have never seen a war begin to feel that they are not getting their due. When the public mind takes that turn, war is apt to ensue. It may be so in some degree with small-pox, though, Heaven knows, there is no glory in small-pox: no sport, no spoils—nothing but scars.

General Merritt and his staff, who are reported to have started for home on their way to Paris, are finding a very large proportion of excursion in their military experience. As far as seeing the world goes, their service seems to be proving a very comprehensive success. They have journeyed across our own continent, tested the interesting features of life in San Francisco, navigated the Pacific, visited Honolulu, and seen all there was on exhibition in Manila, including its surrender. Now, before life in the Philippines has lost any of its novelty, they come hurrying back, cross again a country which will be very greatly interested to see them and hear all they have to tell, and hie them swiftly on to Paris to see how the Europeans compare with the Asiatics. There is no reason to think that General Merritt is at all pleased to be called home, or anticipates any pleasure in helping our peace commissioners higgle over the terms of peace, but there is no question that when he finally gets home he will be like the New Bedford whaler, of familiar memory, in having had a durn fine sail.

The Zionists met again this year, on the last three days of August, at Basle, Switzerland. Not much has been written about them since their first international congress, in August a year ago, and some readers may have forgotten that they are Jews who have at heart the reinstatement of the Jewish people in control of Palestine. Nine delegates went to the congress from this country this year, among them Professor Richard Gottheil, of Columbia University, the Rev. Philip Klein, and Dr. Stephen A. Wise. The work before the convention this year was the organization of an administrative bureau, and, among other things, the promotion of the Zionist bank. The purpose of this bank is to encourage Jewish industries, especially agriculture, in Palestine; to promote colonization, and arrange for the purchase of farm-lands and the disposition of produce. It is reported that large lots of the shares of the bank have been subscribed for at $5 a share, and that companies have been organized in various places for the importation of Palestinian products. The project abounds in romantic interest, and if any considerable practical results come of it, all Christendom will watch them with lively curiosity. It should be possible to distribute the financial burdens of the scheme among so many share-takers that an experiment may have a fair trial without involving any of its supporters in very serious risks.

If the supply of newspapers for our camps is in any way commensurate with what we must suppose the demand to be, Uncle Sam, in his capacity of boarding-house-keeper, is not at all to be envied. The mind of man is too prone anyway to take kindly to complaints about food. With real hardships enough to stimulate their natural tendencies towards fault-finding, our heroes are now egged on to extra-strenuous efforts in that direction by the hourly assurances of nearly all the papers in the country that they are starved, neglected, and miscellaneously mismanaged. It must appear in the camps just now as if a soldier's whole duty was to distrust authority, reject his food, bewail his fate, and demand to be sent home. How discipline holds out under such conditions it will be interesting to observe, and if serious lapses of it should be reported, it will hardly be more (as a respected contemporary would say) than "any educated person would expect." There are those who say that it is impossible to improvise at short notice an organization that is fit to take proper care of armies, and that the complaints we hear now of maladministration were just as prevalent in the first year of the civil war, and abounded with equal venom in the Crimean war. It may be that finally the wise men will tell us that the choice to which we are limited is between maintaining a considerable standing army and having a disastrous experience whenever we try to collect a large army of volunteers.

Mr. Israel Zangwill, British author, has come to this country, and it is understood that his purpose is to lecture here. Persons who come here from Great Britain with that intention may be conveniently divided into those who have edifying information to impart and those who have long hair. Mr. Zangwill's hair is worn comparatively short. Certainly it is not of a spectacular length, and is not catalogued in prospectuses as the mainstay of his attractions. He does not rank yet as a great author, but he is known as a good and substantial story-teller, and the owner of a mind whose operations are of considerable interest. If he does lecture here, he will undoubtedly impart a good many ideas that are worth assimilating.

No doubt the results of the war include many deaths that were as sad as that of Lieutenant William Tiffany, of the Rough Riders, but Mr. Tiffany was so well known "in society," and consequently to newspaper readers, that the untimeliness of his taking off has been especially appreciated and deplored. He was a gallant young fellow, well known in New York, who had progressed to that stage in life where the future seemed full of delights and advantages. He died, after returning from Santiago, on August 25, at the Parker House in Boston, and was buried on August 29 at Newport. Sometimes there are consolations in a funeral, and especially in a military funeral. The accounts that the newspapers give of Lieutenant Tiffany's funeral leave the impression that it was a particularly satisfying and consoling ceremony. His near friends and relatives were present. The Newport Artillery, and the officers of the Forty-seventh New York from Fort Adams, were there; Colonel Roosevelt and Colonel Astor walked ahead of the hearse, and the bearers were Rough Riders under Captain Woodbury Kane. When the interment came, Colonel Roosevelt stood, with sword drawn, at the head of the grave while it was being filled. Then the Rough Riders fired three volleys over it, and the bugler sounded taps. A military funeral is not in itself by any means worth dying for, but it is remarkably effective, and even triumphant, especially when, as in Lieutenant Tiffany's case, it is strongly felt. In his case, too, the conditions were unusual, for he was buried at home by men who had been his comrades in arms in a campaign across the seas that was very memorable and very recent.

It is gratifying to learn from the report of the stated clerk of the Presbyterian General Assembly that, in spite of heretics, church members who sign petitions for liquor licenses, and stiff-necked college presidents who resent interference, the Presbyterian Church in the United States is making steady progress. During the last year it has increased 14,623 in the number of its communicants, 9702 in Sunday-school members, and $185,910 in contributions, and has decreased 272 in the number of candidates for the ministry. These figures must be very satisfactory to the Presbyterians. The falling off in candidates for the ministry seems a little odd, but that may easily be for the good of the church, since every one knows that many of its recent embarrassments have concerned candidates, and their willingness or unwillingness to accept the doctrinal views of the fathers. As long as the contract-labor law does not hinder the importation of ministers from Scotland and Ireland, the falling off in candidates won't matter much.

It was very graceful in Sir Thomas Lipton to send a contribution of $10,000 for the relief of the sick and wounded American soldiers. Funds are not absolutely lacking for that purpose, and it cannot be said that Sir Thomas's gift was needed, but it shows a spirit and a sentiment towards this country which it is very agreeable to observe, and especially agreeable to find in a challenger for the *America's* cup. There really seems to be a prospect that the next international yacht-race will be a joyous occurrence, and a promoter of good-will and friendly rivalry. Sir Thomas's gift was made through the New York Society of the Sons of the American Revolution.

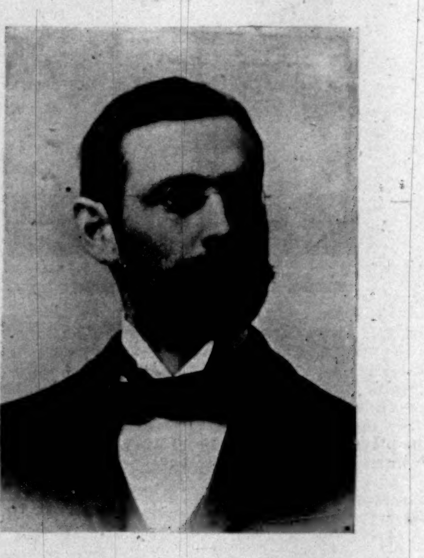
It may not be generally recalled that Sir Thomas Lipton came to this country last spring on the *Campania*, and was the chief instigator of the remarkable doings aboard that vessel, when all the first and second cabin passengers joined in an Anglo-American banquet in the main saloon. He has left no corner of room for doubt about the sincerity of his desire to promote the friendliest possible relations between our country and his.

A contemporary citizen who reads the WEEKLY remarks that in his walks abroad and his little journeys about the country he finds himself spontaneously comparing and measuring folks and experiences by war standards. He looks at the stout conductor on the train and wonders whether a man of his weight was too fat to enlist; he looks over his fellow-passengers in the steam-cars or the street cars and wonders if it was the like of them that captured Santiago; he sizes up individual men, wondering how much of a march they could stand, and what effect camp life would have on them. Wherever he sees his fellow-creatures he asks himself how far they are typical Americans, what sort of soldiers the men would make, what sort of fighting-men the sons of the women whom he sees would prove, and how the men and the women probably compare with the general run of folks in England or Germany or France or Spain. If he snatches a hasty meal at a lunch-counter or a railway restaurant, he wonders whether our soldiers in the field really suffer greater hardships than that. When his usual meals exhibit imperfections, his reflection is, "If food prepared under favorable conditions for one or two persons can sustain such maltreatment, what results should one expect in food prepared for whole regiments by green cooks working at a great disadvantage?" Finally, when he sees men in uniform (and they are prevalent everywhere just now) he looks them over with the liveliest interest, his usual unuttered comment being, "How young they are!" or, "How used up they look, poor things!"

The war has made us think of many new things, and has led us to reflections and comparisons and ruminations which we are not used to. Undoubtedly, whatever the final result of it may be, it will result in an enlargement of our minds and ideas which will not be without its meed of profit.

Teetotalers will find a strong argument in favor of their attitude on the drink question in the recent report of James Meikle, actuary, of Birmingham, England, on the comparative value of abstainers and non-abstainers as subjects for life-insurance. The report, according to a summary of it which is given by the New York *Evening Post*, is very favorable to the abstainers, and indicates that their lives should be insured at lower rates than those of their brethren who imbibe. Out of a large number of lives which Mr. Meikle drew conclusions from, he found that between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-four only a little more than half as many abstainers died as the actuaries' tables gave reason to expect; between thirty-five and forty-four only about a third (34.4 per cent.) as many as was expected; between forty-five and fifty-four only half as many. It is pointed out that the report is not so conclusive as it seems against a moderate use of alcohol, because the class of drinkers includes not only all the truly moderate drinkers, but a good many immoderate ones. What sort of a showing the non-abstainers whose habits are really good would make alongside of the abstainers does not appear, and is not likely to be officially disclosed, because of the obvious difficulty of discriminating between the discreet drinkers and the others. The insurance companies can learn from their patrons whether they are abstainers or not, but not whether they are really moderate in their potations or tend to indiscretion. So far as it goes, however, Mr. Meikle's report certainly indicates that alcohol is not generally useful to sustain and prolong life. That much is pretty generally admitted nowadays by candid contemporaries, whether they drink or not. It is not claimed any longer that John Barleycorn in any of his disguises will benefit persons who are in good health. The most that is said is that stimulants are often exceedingly useful in sickness, and that well persons can drink a good deal first and last without injury, provided they are able to exercise constant discrimination about what they drink, and how much, and when. There used to be very many persons about who sincerely believed that a fair amount of habitual alcohol would "do you good." Persons who are of that opinion are scarcer now. Most drinkers of our day drink because it gives them pleasure, but without any illusion about deriving benefit from it. Either they don't care whether it is good for them or not, or they feel able to determine how much they can drink without serious risk of injury.

The extreme advocates of abstinence fall short in one particular—in that they do not recognize, or at least do not admit, that a very large proportion of the population does its drinking with considerable success. The average intelligent citizen is neither a professed abstainer nor a victim of drink. He drinks when he chooses and what he chooses, but his choice most of the time is to drink tea, coffee, or water. He has work to do every day, and he regulates his potations just as he does his food, with a view to keeping himself in condition to accomplish his daily task with the least inconvenience.



JUDGE W. F. FREAR, OF CALIFORNIA,
One of the five Hawaiian Commissioners appointed by the President.

Tolstoi's seventieth birthday is to be celebrated in New York, on September 8, by a dinner at the Hotel St. Denis. The committee that is responsible for the demonstration includes Dr. Lyman Abbott, Mr. Howells, Mr. Henry M. Alden, Mr. Hamilton Mabie, Mr. R. W. Gilder, and other eminent and discerning gentlemen. Tolstoi is not so much read in this country as he was ten years ago, but that is partly because he was so thoroughly and widely read at that time, when the American translations of his

great books came out in rapid succession, and were new to us. It is probable that some of the gentlemen at the dinner in his honor will speak of him as the greatest of living novelists. His right to that distinction will not be readily disproved. He has written very much on religious and social subjects to which the majority of his admirers in this country by no means subscribe; but about his great novels—*War and Peace, Anna Karénina*, and the like—there is a pretty general unanimity of opinion that they are surpassingly important additions to the world's literature. It was a happy idea to make this formal recognition upon his birthday of what the readers and the writers of this country owe him.

With so much that is of anxious moment going on in our own family, it is hard to pay due attention to the ailments of folks abroad, or the vicissitudes of life elsewhere. We are not disturbed, for example, about the condition of the Pope, although it is well known that his hold on life is no longer strong, and that any sudden flutter may loosen it for all time. Yet careful reports of his condition are published from time to time in our newspapers, and one of them—a recent one—commented on the interesting circumstance that the two latest Popes, both of whom have lived to a greater age than any of their predecessors, lived for years together shut up in the Vatican. Pius IX. was a prisoner in that enclosure for eight years; Leo XIII. has kept the same bounds for twenty years. The Vatican, though a big place, is by no means regarded as a sanatorium, and the earlier Popes used to leave Rome in summer and go to the hills, as all the other Romans who can afford to are used to do. Yet Pius lived to be eighty-five, and Leo, already past that age, is reported to be sound, if not exactly hale, and to be so little encumbered with body or mortal superstructure that there is no telling how long his spirit may animate its frail earthly tenement. Change is doubtless a pretty good thing for the young and hardy, but the cases of these two good old Popes seem to afford a fair basis for arguing that change may not, after all, be quite so indispensable as most well-to-do persons are taught to believe.

E. S. Martin.

LONDON.

August 20, 1898.

In April last the readers of the Weekly were informed in these columns that the chief administrative post under the crown, that of the Governor-Generalship of India, was about to be filled up, and that Mr. Curzon was one of two alternative nominations contemplated by the government. The appointment has now been made, and is none the less interesting because for the first time in history an American lady becomes the head of society in India, and shares viceregal responsibility in the greatest position held by any subject of the Queen. The Viceroyalty of India is a brilliant and even a dazzling prize. This great post is generally held by elderly men—safe, sagacious, and impartial. Mr. Curzon is young. Not yet forty, he has the defects of his brilliant qualities. He is a capital debater, but is not always conciliatory or discreet. With a greater knowledge of Asiatic politics than any other Parliamentarian, the new Viceroy of India is not unlikely to become his own adviser on technical matters. He has already been everywhere, seen everybody, and knows everything. He is committed to what is known as the "forward" policy. Mr. Curzon has the reputation of Russophobe tendencies. His books are full of aspirations towards the realization of British mastery in Asia. The new Viceroy has, however, already enunciated a doctrine which commands the assent of all serious men. "I believe," he recently said, "that the security of our frontier rests not upon the number of battalions we place there, but on the individual character of the men whom we choose. It is a question not of cannon, but of character." Mr. Curzon is the eldest son of the Rev. Alfred Curzon, fourth Baron Scarsdale. There is little doubt that he will be offered a peerage without delay, but there is reason to believe that he will not accept it. His career has been one series of triumphant successes. He carried off innumerable prizes at Eton. At Oxford he made a great reputation in the schools, and was a first-rate president of the Union. He is a fine speaker, and there is but one drawback to the brilliant prospects before him. His health is bad. The dogged tenacity of his purpose in acquiring first-hand knowledge of Asiatic affairs is revealed by the fact that although he has ridden over the Indian strategic frontier and for thousands of miles in Central Asia and Persia, he never mounts a horse without suffering physical pain the whole time he is in the saddle. The spine trouble from which Mr. Curzon suffers is, however, not unlikely to be improved by a sojourn in Eastern lands. Hitherto Asia has been the best of tonics for him, and since he has youth, the command of wealth, knowledge, ability, and a charming wife, the endowment of health is, humanly speaking, the only thing required to assure success to the new Viceroy's career. The Jewish community is naturally pleased with the stately part to be played by the daughter of Mr. Levi Z. Leiter. She is compared to the Queen of Sheba.

The announcement of Mr. Curzon's appointment to the most splendid position under the crown was made in the course of the debate on the Chinese policy of the government in the House of Commons on the penultimate day of the session. The government was attacked by every speaker but one. All the ministerial declarations upon the subject of the "open door" have been contradicted by the logic of facts. England and Russia have staked their prestige against each other upon whether a Manchurian railway shall be made with English money from Tien-tsin to Niu-chwang. There was no room for compromise. The Chinese gave the concession to an English bank. The Russian acting minister at Peking is virtually Russian Resident at a mediatized court, and his veto on the concession was enough. In rejoinder Lord Salisbury authorized Sir Claude Macdonald, the British ambassador, to assure the Chinese government that England would not tolerate the interference of another power in commercial transactions freely entered into between the Chinese government and British subjects, and pledged itself to repel any attempted aggression in consequence of concessions given to British subjects. M. Pavloff, the Russian diplomat, impervious to words and impregnable to ink, repeated his orders to the Chinese, and reminded the Yamen of the notorious instability of British intentions. "The English," say the Chinese, "only make promises from the teeth outwards." Still, the British government last month announced to Russia that for commercial purposes we do not recognize spheres of influence. But, alas for the intentions of the English government, their objections to spheres of influence have followed their declarations in favor of the "open door." The English government has been promptly and successfully flouted in the test case upon which it publicly staked the prestige of England in Asia. Ministers seem incapable of acting with decision in the Far East. Equality of opportunity and treatment is jettisoned. French, Germans, Belgians, Russians, freely obtain concessions denied to Englishmen. No one really knows what the policy of the government is in China. For the second time this year, Lord Salisbury has gone abroad for his health, "in good spirits," say the newspapers. If he has a policy in China, he conceals it. The public are only able to judge by results. These are visible to the man in the street. England loses ground. Other countries gain it. Our most powerful opponent is alternately flattered and irritated. We have concentrated European suspicion and irritation against us, and the policy of "squeeze" is likely to develop into a new and more ominous phase.

On the other hand, the friends of Lord Salisbury contend that, however desirable it may be to play the strong game with Russia, it is better to suffer a diplomatic defeat of the most public, damaging, and humiliating character than to engage in a European war before the capture of Khartoum is actually achieved. There is a good deal to be said for this aspect of the case. Victory over the Khalifa is certain, so far as it can be insured by careful preparation; but a check on the Nile would require the exertion of England's full military strength, and until the possibility of a check is over it is more prudent, if not more glorious, to suffer M. Pavloff's interference with British interests in Manchuria. Lord Salisbury's government, however, went out of its way to challenge a trial of strength with Russia upon the Niu-chwang railway question. He fixed the attention of the globe upon the issue. The issue is a failure, and the echoes of the blow to English prestige will resound throughout the bazars of Asia. So far as Manchuria is concerned, the "open door" is not only slammed in our faces, but on our fingers. As the supreme sanction of diplomacy is resort to force, Sir Claude Macdonald, however able, is helpless as a village maiden. British ambassadors' weapons are words, and their words are not believed. Lord Salisbury declared months ago that England would not go to war over North China. He assented to the surrender of Port Arthur and Ta-lien-wan. He respected the desire of M. Muravieff that British men-of-war should leave Port Arthur. These acts may be wise or foolish, but the results springing from them are as inevitable as the tinkling of a bell when the knob is pressed. It was impossible to fight a pitched battle on weaker ground. The attempt to reopen the settled question of Manchuria was no less impotent than ostentatious. We have given Russia the opportunity of two triumphs, and have inflicted upon ourselves two humiliations, when one defeat would have sufficed and when none was necessary. The disaster is public, self-inflicted, injurious, and humiliating.

Parliamentary sophistry, petty debating points, and thin logic-chopping are not the weapons with which a great empire is either held or enlarged. The *Times's* correspondent at Peking during the last six months has virtually replaced the Foreign Office, so far as the affairs in the Far East are concerned. He has kept the people of England well informed. Almost invariably the denials of Mr. Curzon or the deprecations of Mr. Balfour have been followed within twenty-four hours by a clear, incisive telegram from Peking on the subject in dispute, which has always demonstrated that the weakness of the government is only exceeded by its ignorance of passing events. If I enter thus into detail, it is because American interests are directly concerned in the success or failure of British diplomacy on trade in China as much as those of the merchants of London and Manchester. What is unintelligible, now that the session is closed, is why the government should have made a feint of fighting on a line which it knew was untenable. Whining to Russia does not affect her. Like all semi-Oriental races, she understands peace and she understands war. She does not understand the necessity of making any arrangement, except under the conviction that superior forces will be used to constrain her to surrender the point in dispute. Drifting into the Crimean war was an object-lesson which seems to have taught no lessons to our rulers.

Whether the secret history of the time, when revealed, will vindicate Lord Salisbury, no one can tell. England is craving—strongly craving—for a leader. There never was a time since the death of the younger Pitt when a greater opportunity existed for the strong man to come to the front. The people look to the Prime Minister for leading; the minister looks to the people for light. Both are disappointed. There is no ground for complaint in the administration of the finances of the country or its navy—the two elements upon which the issue of the next international struggle in which Britain is engaged will be determined. Almost anybody who came to the front who knew his own mind, and who put his fortunes to the touch, could obtain the commanding position at the present juncture. The Opposition is impossible. The vacillation of the government is to that of their opponents as water is to wine. The nation knows it cannot turn to her Majesty's Opposition for an alternative ministry; for, except Sir Edward Grey, there is no one—unless it be Sir Charles Dilke, who is impossible on other grounds—capable of leading the nation. I recently heard one eminent statesman declare that so eager is the craving of England for a leader that the nation would turn to a person of the type of Sir Ashmead Bartlett, who, by dint of constant repetition, persuades himself of the truth of his Jingo aspirations, rather than remain idle, humiliated, and subjected to a continued series of galling rebuffs. The issue from the present impasse will, in all probability, proceed from below, not from above, and a prediction made by the late Lord Randolph Churchill in a letter to myself is not unlikely to be accomplished. I venture to transcribe one passage of Lord Randolph's letter, as it is of special interest at the present time.

"Our land laws," he wrote, "were framed by the landed interest for the advantage of the landed interest, and foreign policy was directed by that interest to the same end. Political power passed very considerably from the landed interest to the manufacturing capitalist interest, and our whole fiscal system was shaped by this latter power to its own advantage, foreign policy being also made to coincide. We are now come, or coming fast, to a time when labor laws will be made by the labor interest for the advantage of labor. The regulation of all the conditions of labor by the state, controlled and guided by the labor vote, appears to be the ideal aimed at, and I think it extremely probable that a foreign policy which sought to extend, by tariff reforms over our colonies and even over other friendly states, the area of profitable barter of produce, will strongly commend itself to the mind of the labor interest. Personally I can discern no cause of alarm in this prospect, and I believe that on this point you and I are in perfect agreement. Labor, in this modern movement, has against it the prejudices of property, the resources of capital, and all the numerous forces—social, professional, and journalistic—which those prejudices and resources can influence."

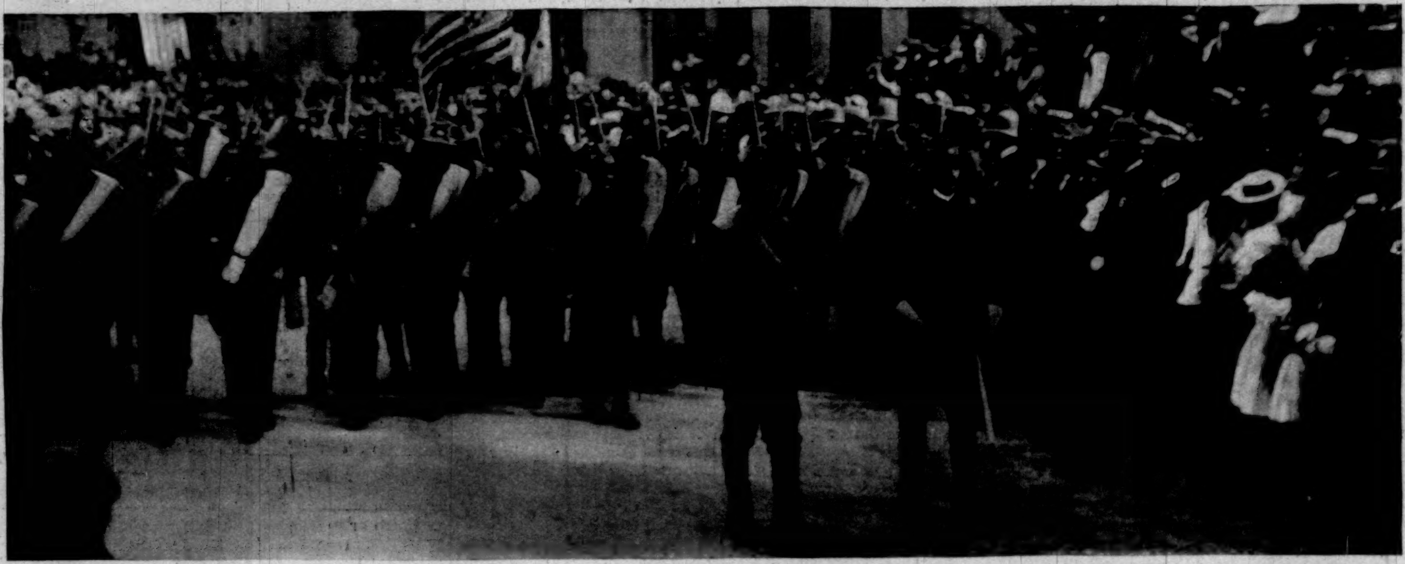
Lord Charles Beresford's mission to China on behalf of the Chambers of Commerce is a more important step in the right direction than appears on the surface. His view is that nothing can be done with China trade, either by English or other capitalists, until due provision is made for law and order within the area in which capital is to be invested. Although this sounds like a truism, there is far more in it than meets the eye. There are two drawbacks to trade in the interior of China. The first is the danger of local disturbances; the second, the Lekin duties imposed by local mandarins for their own benefit, over and above the five-per-cent. import duty charged by the Chinese customs under the supervision of Sir Robert Hart. Lord Charles Beresford proceeds to China with a very strong backing, both financial and commercial. He has a free hand, an excellent staff, and the benevolent interest of her Majesty's government. Russian criticism against Lord Charles's mission is based on the assumption that a British admiral, who presumably knows little or nothing of commerce, is not likely to restrict his activities in China to the collection of trade statistics or the investigation of new markets. It is a fact, however, that the member for York goes to China in his private capacity, and is without any official position whatever. It is possible, of course, that the Chinese may consult Lord Charles Beresford on questions of defence and on the maintenance of law and order in the Yang-tse Valley, as they consulted General Gordon in 1879. Whatever may be the result of his mission, the American public will do well to keep an eye upon it, for in working for British trade Lord Charles Beresford is equally working for American interests. I shall not be indiscreet in mentioning the fact that Lord Charles regards his mission as one undertaken on behalf of the English-speaking race. The political and international possibilities of the Beresford mission are illimitable, and if he should succeed in paving the way to commercial development in the valley of the great Blue River, the history of Egypt may yet be repeated on a greater scale in the Far East.

It is a relief to turn from China to Egypt, where one laborious and silent strategist at the mouth of the Atbara—affluent to the Nile—is approaching the day of his supreme triumph, and organizing national revenge for the memory of Gordon. Sir Herbert Kitchener is not a popular general. He keeps aloof from society and cultivates no acquaintances. He exacts from each one of his subordinates the very highest standard of good work. If that standard is not attained, the unfortunate officer is quickly sent back to Cairo or to England. When, however, the general's expectations are fulfilled, staff-officers know that they will receive due reward for energetic and tactful labor. Kitchener exacts from no one as much as from himself. Indefatigable by day and night, with an iron constitution, taciturn, ambitious, and proud, he is truly a man of blood and iron. Few people know him well. Those who have gained his confidence regard him with unbounded enthusiasm. They believe him to be capable of everything. His ambitions are enormous, and he is now marked out as the English generalissimo of the future. His victory at Khartoum will revive the fading reputation of ministers. It stands in need of a tonic. The casualty list is expected to be very heavy in the final battle, and much anxiety is felt as to whether sufficient white troops are provided. Lord Charles Beresford tells me that in his opinion victory is insured, but that the "butcher's bill" may be lamentably high.

With regard to Mr. Curzon's successor at the Foreign Office much interest is felt. The favorite prediction is that Mr. George Wyndham's services will be secured to the government. Mr. George Wyndham is considered to be the handsomest man in the House of Commons. He is member for Dover, on affectionate terms with Mr. Balfour, is married to the Countess of Grosvenor, is a Shakespearian scholar, has made a name in literature by his editorship and introductions upon North's *Plutarch* and the "Sonnets" of Shakespeare. Mr. Wyndham has maintained the fine traditions that once connected English politics and letters. He is no self-seeker, though no one has rendered greater service to Unionism in its days of struggle. He took no part in the vulgar push for places that occurred when the ministry was formed, and much surprise was expressed in 1895 that he was not included in the ministry. His attitude during the events that followed the Jameson raid, and his championship of Mr. Rhodes upon the commission, were indications of his Imperialistic tendencies. Still, I do not think the appointment would be a good one. Business qualifications—not literary, oratorical, political, or social—are what are chiefly lacking in the Foreign Office to-day, and its representative in the House of Commons should be rather a man in sympathy with and interested in the trade of his country than a fine specimen of the cultivated and sensitive product of literature and society. On this ground Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the son of the Colonial Secretary, who has been specially educated for such a post, and who now holds the position of Civil Lord of the Admiralty, is considered by many a preferable appointment to that of Mr. George Wyndham.

Arnold White.

THE SICK IN PARK CARRYALLS.



THE HEAD OF THE SECOND BATTALION.

THE WELCOME AT THE ARMORY, AT THIRTY-FOURTH STREET AND PARK AVENUE—HOME AT LAST!

THE HOME-COMING OF THE 71st NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS, AUGUST 29, 1898.

MONTAUK POINT—VISITORS IN CAMP.—Drawn by Max F. Klepper.

CAMP WIKOFF.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

ON the Monday after the memorable flood at Johnstown, a man dropped into the press headquarters in the old plaster-mill at the end of the stone bridge over the Conemaugh, who said he had witnessed the whole catastrophe, and would tell us all about it. He said, as we newspaper men crowded around him, that he was a man who did not get excited like other people, he always kept cool, and he would tell us just how it happened. Before he had said a dozen words he went all to pieces, overwhelmed by the vivid memories of that day, and his story was never told.

I have been asked to write my impressions of our army just back from its glorious campaign in Cuba, and after three days spent at Camp Wikoff I am free to confess that the sight of those poor starved boys has put me in pretty much the same condition as that citizen of Johnstown.

When the Secretary of War arrived in camp he was agreeably disappointed, we are told, that things were no worse; but other visitors, not having the same opportunity for knowing the details of official delinquency in his department beforehand, were so shocked that the tears streamed down their cheeks—even the furrowed cheeks of old men hardened to life's blows, and of young men careless ordinarily to the hardships of others.

A big rough lineman, who had been putting up wires for the telegraph company at the camp, told me that he had shared his lunch with some poor famished soldier every day since he had been up there, "and Lord, how glad them poor lads was to git it!"

We all know the kind of men our volunteers are, for they are our neighbors, and we can call them by name often, but very few of us know or appreciate the "regulars." To do so one must see them at a time like this, worn and wasted, yet patient, and doing each one for some more helpless comrade, trying in a way that is most pitiful to see to maintain a soldierly bearing, while their limbs fail them from utter weakness.

I saw the Eighth (regulars) arrive at their camp. They came from the detention camp in army wagons. When the wagons stopped, many of the men fell headlong in attempting to get down, and lay just where they fell. One, a bugler, stood a little while swaying and dazed, and then fell in a heap by the road-side.

You will see in the official report that there are so many thousand sick. You naturally subtract that from the number in camp, and conclude the rest are well. Perhaps they are; but when I was there ten men from one company in a certain regiment were detailed for guard duty; before night seven of these men were in the hands of the doctor.

Of all the men, regulars or volunteers, that I talked with, not one had been anything but hungry for months, excepting one man of the Seventy-first New York volunteers, who told me that the men of that regiment, on the way up from Cuba on the *St. Paul*, got "hand-outs" from the rations of the big-hearted Jackies.

The soldiers who come up on the ordinary transports usually arrive famished. Upon arriving at the dock, they have to tramp a mile or more in heavy marching order to the detention camp. At the dock it is their good fortune to meet a kind friend. Mrs. Valentine Mott stands, day after day, early and late, with milk, beef extract, and sandwiches, to brace the poor weak fellows for their weary march over the hills.

It is, of course, impossible for the regimental surgeons to talk, except in confidence, about the lack of medicines and food before and after the fight at Santiago, on the voyage home, and here in camp, but it is also just as impossible for them to keep still about it in talking privately. The one cheerful feature of the camp is the black soldier; he, as a general thing, came through but little the worse of the pestilent climate of Cuba, and coming of a race used to privations, stood the starvation rations better than his white brother.

He is looked upon by the white soldier with positive affection and pride.

The gallant conduct of the black man, his hunting out and exterminating the sharp-shooters and guerillas who were picking off the officers and wounded from the trees, is a story that every white soldier will tell you with kindling eyes. To see the colored troopers bringing a hundred horses down to the water, singing and laughing as they swing along at a canter, is a sight pleasant to remember. Not one good word is to be heard in the whole camp for the Cuban. "Cubans! Well, if I have to go back to Cuba, I hope it'll be to lick those horse-thieves. The Spaniards are all right; I haven't a word to say against them. In fact, we all liked the Spanish boys when we got to know them." This was what you might hear all over the camp.

One of the hardest things to look at in the camp is the meeting of a mother with the poor worn wreck of her boy. I have seen old officers walk off and grit their teeth at these meetings. A sight more bearable to see was a young girl carrying off a weak, gaunt, but happy-looking fellow to the train, trying to take from him his blanket-roll, and actually in possession of his canteen and cartridge-belt.

There is no exaggeration in the current stories of the starvation and utter neglect of these, our returning heroes.

I accompanied the two gentlemen sent up by the Merchants' Association of New York to investigate and report as to the needs of the regulars in the way of proper food for men in their condition. One of them, a newspaper man of experience, a man not to be easily shaken by what he might witness, went before the association on his return to New York, attempted to address the meeting, said a few words, then broke down and cried. It was enough, and no words of description can add to it.

It remains only to say a word of appreciation of the self-sacrificing Red Cross nurses and Sisters of Charity, who are working night and day in the hospitals, and to hope and pray that the like of the shameful spectacle of those poor famished lads gathered together after all their glory of achievement may never be witnessed in this country again.

W. A. ROGERS.

BARBARISM AT MONTAUK.

Here is a moving letter from a young woman, describing what she saw at Montauk in her search for a brother who had enlisted in the Seventy-first New York Regiment. Its strength and sadness are beyond comment. We have not mentioned the name of the captain, but will give it to any one having authority to demand it for a proper purpose.—ED. HARPER'S WEEKLY.

EASTHAMPTON, LONG ISLAND, *August 23, 1898*.

MY DEAR MRS. ——,—I am afraid I shall scare you with a long letter this time, for I have lots to write. I thought you would be interested to hear about Jack, and what I saw at Montauk. Sunday we got a telegram from Jack, saying he was out of detention camp, and we could see him. We went up Monday morning. Mamma and —— and I drove from here—twenty miles—and the rest went by train. We were told for Heaven's sake not to go without taking something, and we loaded up the carriage with bread and hard-boiled eggs and fruit and forty or fifty sandwiches, as well as some dozens of handkerchiefs and socks and towels. We were glad we had done so. When we got within a mile or so of camp we began to meet soldiers, both regulars and volunteers. The first I saw was a young boy—he could not have reached eighteen years—who was leaning against the fence. He was white as death, thin, with dark lines under his eyes.

I called to him, and he came walking over—not walking, shuffling like an old man. "I'm awful hungry," he said, when I asked him. His voice was low and weak, and he steadied himself against the carriage as he spoke. We gave him a good meal to take away with him. He wanted to pay us. . . .

They tell me the suffering in the regulars' camps is as great as or greater than that in the volunteers'; but I can't say myself, for I did not go beyond the lines of the Seventy-first. I saw enough there. Men lying in their tents so weak that they cannot drag their canteens toward them, though they are frantic for water. Men, aching in every bone, who have to lie on the bare ground with nothing but a poncho under them. Many of their blankets were stolen by the Cubans, and they have had no others issued to them. Big six-foot bearded fellows so weakened by illness and starvation that they burst into tears at a kind word or action. Boys sitting outside their tents with a look on their faces it is terrible to see—a fixed blank look that asks nothing, but tells an awful story of suffering and despair. It is fearful.

We passed on, more and more sick at heart, until we reached Jack's company. I asked the first man I saw if he were there, and he said yes, and called his name. From in front of one of the tents a tall, thin, shaky figure got slowly up and came toward us. I thought, "Good heavens, I hope that's not *Jack!*"

It was Jack.

We rushed up to him, and he caught hold of us as though he would never let go again. Mamma came up just then, and Jack smiled at her, and the next moment rolled over at our feet in a dead faint.

A dozen men were round us at once, and they bathed Jack's head and gave him brandy, and tried to cheer us up. But it was long before we could bring him to. Then the men carried him to the carriage, and told us to drive him up to the hospital and make the major there give him leave. It was two miles there and a rough drive, but mamma succeeded in getting thirty days' furlough as soon as the surgeon saw him. —— and I staid back, and the rest came up just at that moment. We spent the time doing what we could for some of the sick men. Jack was a *well man*, and was to go on guard that night. He had almost died of the fever in Cuba, and if it had not been for Dr. Froelich he would have been left behind—forever. He had frightful chills and fever on the boat coming home. Before that he had bloody dysentery. The men told us that he worked so hard nursing his tentmates who fell ill first that he made himself much worse. They said that long after he ought not to have stood up he was working over them night and day, and would not give up. When they were out of danger he collapsed. I told you I felt sure he was ill, you remember.

Well, we got him home, and he fainted four times—though not such a faint as the first—before we could get him into bed. There he has been ever since, and the doctor fears it will be weeks before he can get up. The men's vitality has gone. They are wrecks. And there was no finer, healthier young fellow on earth than Jack four months ago.

Captain —— of Jack's company came up just as Jack fainted.

"That's nothing," he said; "he isn't sick; it's just the excitement. He's perfectly well."

I looked at him. He was stout and rosy and healthy, comfortably buttoned up in a new uniform. Around him stood a group of pale sick fellows, dirty, unshaven, hollow-eyed, and terribly thin—his men.

"We suffered awfully," he remarked, smiling at me.

"Yes, the *men* have," I answered, and turned my back on him.

He walked off; but one of the men came up and told me not to make the brute angry, or he would find some way to keep Jack back. "And he will take it out on us, anyway," he added.

I can tell you that frightened me, and I was polite enough after that, and left him in a beaming humor. He looked over what we had brought, and said he thought he'd take a watermelon we had there, and also a box of small cakes. These he put under his arm. Afterwards one of the boys came and said he had requisitioned most of the towels and handkerchiefs for himself, saying they were too good for the men.

I left him with mamma, who could keep up the game. I was afraid I should say something true if I staid longer. He wanted me to come up to his tent, but I wouldn't have entered it for anything on earth. Mamma went, and took the paper for him to sign, so that Jack could go. He had a beautiful big tent, board floor, nice cot, with all the trimmings, and at least four blankets, mamma said. Jack lay on the bare ground, as he had given his blanket to his tentmate, who was sicker than he, and had lost his in Cuba. The boys had their winter uniforms all during the campaign there, and were given their present thin ones on the boat. So they nearly freeze at Montauk, which is a very cool place.

Jack and some other men spent Saturday morning—the day they got out of the detention camp—in taking the board floors of the officers up a hill and back again. You can imagine how weak Jack was, and the rest weren't very much better. They were detailed to lug the sections of floor, which are very heavy, up this hill and make the platforms. They finished this, and then received the order to take them back again; that the officers weren't satisfied with that kind. They got them back, and Jack said he went to his tent and fell into it exhausted. In about ten minutes came the order for the detail to fall in and bring those tent floors back up the hill again. This was the morning.

The night before and most of the preceding day Jack had been taking care of one of his tentmates who was dying of exhaustion. On the afternoon of this day Jack feared the boy would die any moment if he couldn't be taken to the hospital, two miles off. There was no ambulance to be had, and so Jack asked the captain if he and some other men could not carry the boy up on a stretcher. This they did, with infinite toil. They came back with almost as heavy a load of medicine, and it was late at night before they got back to camp.

Later.—The doctor tells us that if we had not brought Jack back the day we did, we would probably never have brought him home at all. And to think that there are hundreds and hundreds as badly off as Jack and who cannot get off. They are afraid to muster out the regiments who have been through that Cuban campaign. They are afraid of what the boys are going to say. The horror of some of the men for their officers and the camp amounts almost to mania. Jack says that after the fighting, when they had been a long time without food, the quartermaster at last gave out some hardtack, but very little, so that the famished men were still frantic for more food. There was a lot of hardtack left—they got nothing else—and the men went back and asked for more. The quartermaster refused to give them any.

"Go to the captain if you aren't satisfied—he'll settle you," he remarked.

Jack, his tentmate (the man who is now dying), and some others went to the captain. This was his reply:

"You clear out of here —— —— —— quick. If I hear any more of this talk I'll put you all on —— little hardtack and water, and nothing else." So they kept on starving.

Later.—I have been off tending to Jack. He fainted again. His weakness is something terrifying.

WHEN THE GREAT GRAY SHIPS COME IN.

(New York Harbor, August 20, 1898.)

To eastward ringing, to westward winging, o'er mapless miles of sea,
On winds and tides the gospel rides that the furthermost isles are free,
And the furthermost isles make answer, harbor, and height, and hill,
Breaker and beach cry each to each, "'Tis the Mother who calls! Be still!"
Mother! new-found, beloved, and strong to hold from harm,
Stretching to these across the seas the shield of her sovereign arm,
Who summoned the guns of her sailor sons, who bade her navies roam,
Who calls again to the leagues of main, and who calls them this time home!

And the great gray ships are silent, and the weary watchers rest,
The black cloud dies in the August skies, and deep in the golden west
Invisible hands are limning a glory of crimson bars,
And far above is the wonder of a myriad wakened stars!
Peace! As the tidings silence the strenuous cannonade,
Peace at last! is the bugle-blast the length of the long blockade,
And eyes of vigil weary are lit with the glad release,
From ship to ship and from lip to lip it is "Peace! Thank God for peace!"

Ah, in the sweet hereafter Columbia still shall show
The sons of these who swept the seas how she bade them rise and go,
How, when the stirring summons smote on her children's ear,
South and North at the call stood forth, and the whole land answered "Here!"
For the soul of the soldier's story and the heart of the sailor's song
Are all of those who meet their foes as right should meet with wrong,
Who fight their guns till the foeman runs, and then, on the decks they trod,
Brave faces raise, and give the praise to the grace of their country's God!

Yes, it is good to battle, and good to be strong and free,
To carry the hearts of a people to the uttermost ends of sea,
To see the day steal up the bay where the enemy lies in wait,
To run your ship to the harbor's lip and sink her across the strait:—
But better the golden evening when the ships round heads for home
And the long gray miles slip swiftly past in a swirl of seething foam,
And the people wait at the haven's gate to greet the men who win!
Thank God for peace! Thank God for peace, when the great gray ships come in!

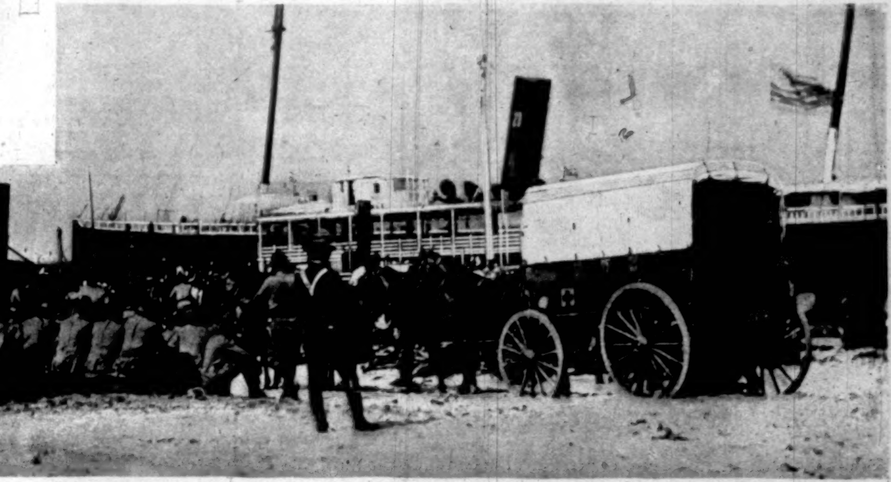
GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

SECRETARY ALGER ON A TOUR OF INSPECTION.

HELPING A SICK COMRADE INTO CAMP.

3D AND 20TH REGULARS LANDING AT QUARANTINE CAMP.

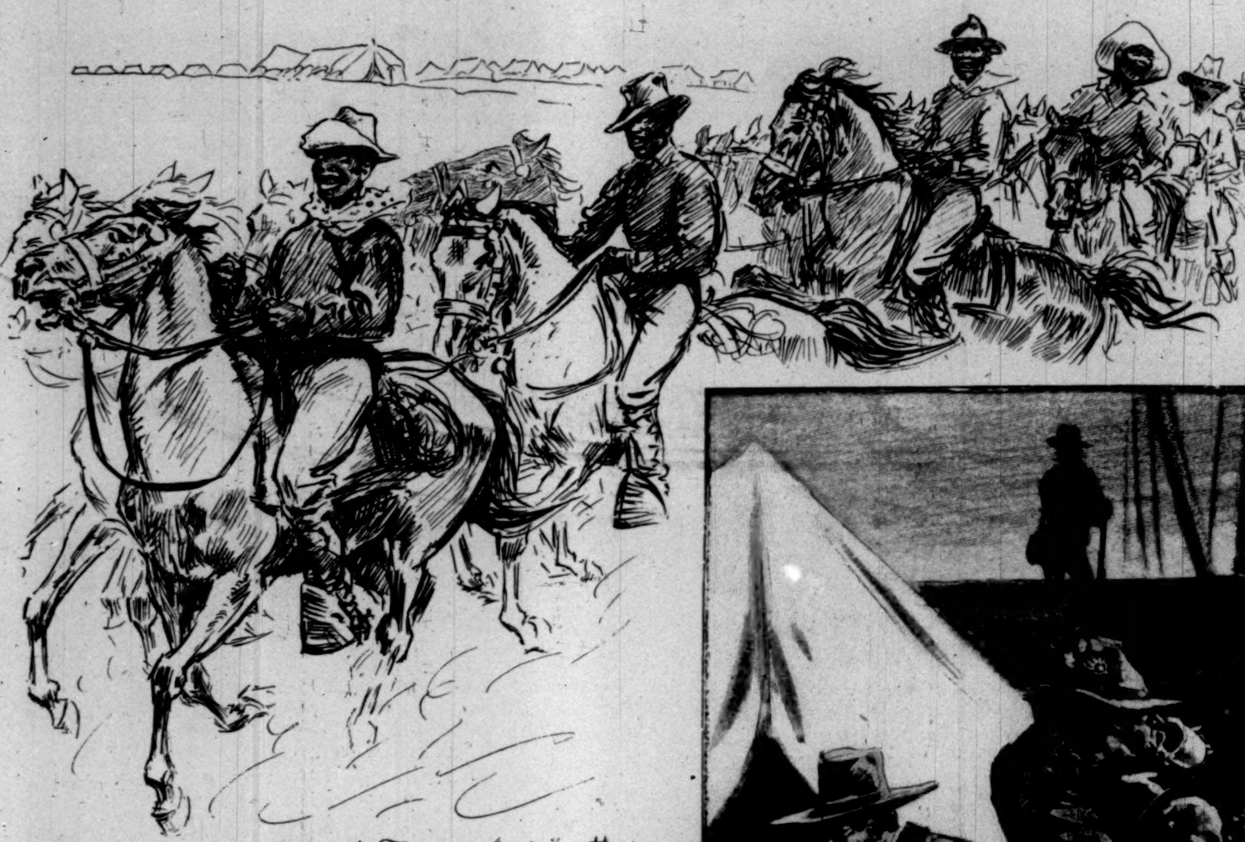
CARRYING A SICK SOLDIER TO THE HOSPITAL.



CONVALESCENTS WAITING TO BE TAKEN TO THE HOSPITAL.

HOSPITAL SCENES AT CAMP WIKOFF.

Photographs taken especially for "Harper's Weekly."



Colored Troopers taking their Horses to Water.

A chance at last to get Clean.

Troops Landing at
Mrs Mott Feeding

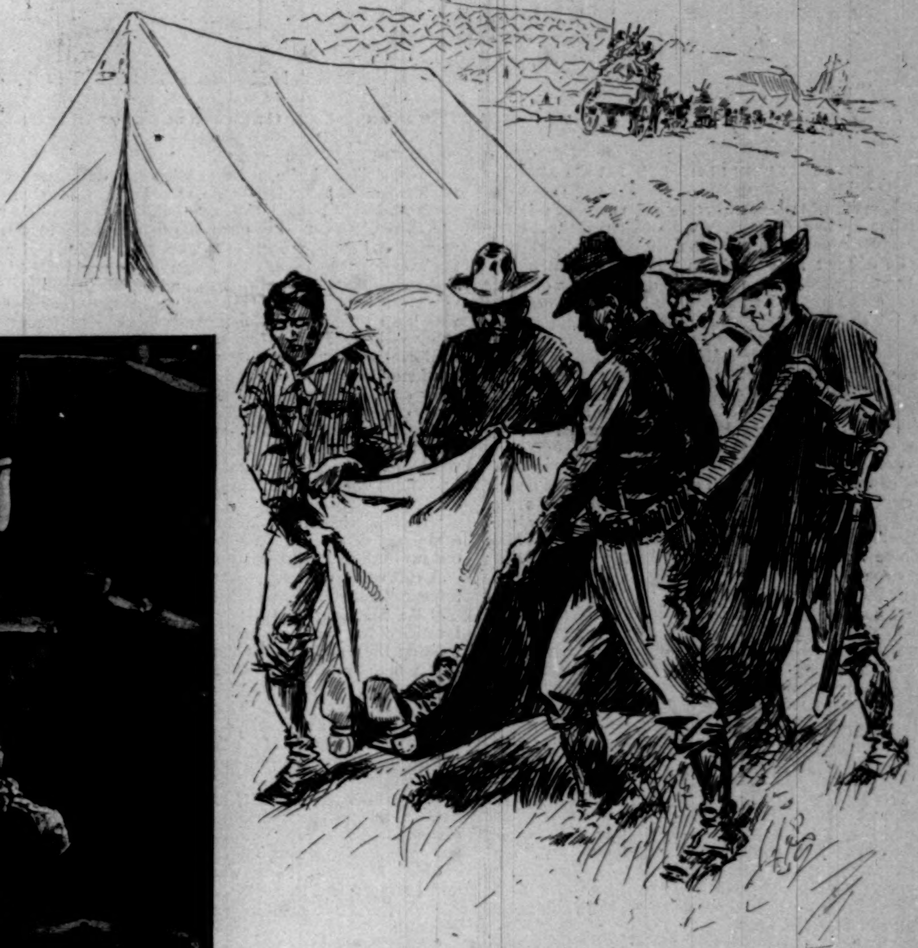
A Bugler of The Regulars.

W. A. Rogers.

At The General Hospital.

LIFE AT CA

DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS, SPECIAL ARTIST



Carrying a Sick Comrade to his Tent

at Montauk.
ding The Hungry Soldiers.

"Transportation"

At the Lunch Counter.

CAMP WIKOFF.

RTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 890.]

THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS," ETC.

XXIII.—MRS. PERKENPINE FINDS OUT THINGS ABOUT HERSELF.

THE mind of the guide was comforted and relieved that he had got the better of the bishop in one way, although he could not do it in another. But he did not relinquish his purpose of putting an end to the nonsense which made him do the work of other people, and as soon as he had set his kitchen in order he started out to find Mrs. Perkenpine. A certain amount of nonsense from the people in camp might have to be endured, but nonsense from Mrs. Perkenpine was something about which Peter Sadler would have a word to say.

Matlack was a good hunter. He could follow all sorts of tracks—rabbit tracks, bird tracks, deer tracks, and the tracks of big ungainly shoes—and in less than half an hour he had reached a cluster of moss-covered rocks lying some distance back in the woods, and approached by the bed of a now dry stream. Sitting on one of these rocks, her back against a tree, her straw hat lying beside her, and her dishevelled hair hanging about her shoulders, was Mrs. Perkenpine reading a newspaper. At the sound of his footsteps she looked up.

"Well, I'll be bound!" she said. "If I'd crawl into a fox-hole I expect you'd come and sniff in after me."

Matlack stood and looked at her for a moment. He could not help smiling at the uncomfortable manner in which she was trying to make herself comfortable on those rough rocks.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mrs. Perkenpine," he said, "you'll get yourself into the worst kind of a hole if you go off this way, leavin' everything at sixes and sevens behind you."

"It's my nater," said she. "I'm findin' it out and gittin' it ready to show to other people. You're the fust one that's seed it. How do you like it?"

"I don't like it at all," said the guide, "and I have just come to tell you that if you don't go back to your tent and cook supper to-night and attend to your business, I'll walk over to Sadler's, and tell Peter to send some one in your place. I'm goin' over there anyway, if he don't send a man to take Martin's place."

"Peter Sadler!" ejaculated Mrs. Perkenpine, letting her tumbled newspaper fall into her lap. "He's a man that knows his own nater, and lets other people see it. He lives his own life, if anybody does. He's individdle down to the heels, and just look at him! He's the same as a king. I tell you, Phil Matlack, that the more I knows myself, just me, the more I'm tickled. It seems like scootin' round in the woods, findin' all sorts of funny hoppin' things and flowers that you never seed before. Why, it 'ain't been a whole day since I began knowin' myself, and I've found out lots. I used to think that I liked to cook and clean up, but I don't; I hate it."

Matlack smiled, and taking out his pipe, he lighted it and sat down on a rock.

"I do believe," he said, "that you are the most out and out hermit of the whole lot; but it won't do, and if you don't get over your objections to cookin' you'll have to walk out of these woods to-morrow."

Mrs. Perkenpine sat and looked at her companion a few moments without giving any apparent heed to his remarks.

"Of course," said she, "it isn't only findin' out what you be yourself, but it's lettin' other people see what you be. If you didn't do that it would be like a pot a-b'ilin' out in the middle of a prairie, with nobody nearer nor a hundred miles."

"It would be the same as if it hadn't b'iled," remarked Matlack.

"That's jest it," said she, "and so I ain't sorry you come along, Phil, so's I can tell you some things I've found out about myself. One of them is that I like to lie flat on my back and look up at the leaves of the trees and think about them."

"What do you think?" asked Matlack.

"I don't think nothin'," said she; "just as soon as I begin to look at them wrigglin' in the wind, and I begin to wonder what it is I think about them, I go slam bang to sleep, and when I wake up and try to think again what it is I think, off I go again. But I like it. If I don't know what it is I think, I ought to know that I don't know it. That's what I call bein' really and truly a hermick."

"What else did you find out?" inquired Matlack.

"I found out," she answered, with animation, "that I admire to read anecdotes. I didn't know I cared a pin for anecdotes until I took to hermickin'. Now here's this paper; it came around the cheese, and it's got a good many anecdotes scattered about in it. Let me read one of them to you. It's about a man who made his will and afterwards was a-drivin' a horse along a road, and the horse got skeered and ran over his executor, who was takin' a walk. Then he sung out, 'Oh, bless my soul!' says he. But I'll read you the rest if I can find it."

"Never mind about the anecdote," said Matlack, who knew very well that it would take Mrs. Perkenpine half an hour to spell out twenty lines in a newspaper. "What I want to know is if you found out anything about yourself that's likely to give you a boost in the direction of that cookin'-stove of yourn."

Mrs. Perkenpine was a woman whose remarks did not depend upon the remarks of others. "Phil Matlack," said she, gazing fixedly at his pipe, "if I had a man I'd let him smoke just as much as he pleased and just where he pleased. He could smoke afore he got up, and he could smoke at his meals, and he could smoke after he went to bed, and, if he fancied that sort of thing, he could smoke at family prayers; it wouldn't make no difference to me, and I wouldn't say a word to him agin' it. If that was his individdiety, I'd say viddle."

"And how about everything else?" asked Matlack. "Would you tell him to cook his own victuals and mend his clothes accordin' to his own nater?"

"No, sir," said she, striking with her expansive hand the newspaper in her lap—"no, sir. I'd get up early in the mornin', and cook and wash and bake and scour. I'd skin the things he shot, and clean his fish, and dig bait if he wanted it. I'd tramp into the woods after him, and carry the gun and the victuals and fishin'-poles, and I'd set traps and row a boat and build fires, and let him go along and work out his own nater smokin' or in any other way he was born to. That's the biggest thing I've found out about myself. I never knowed, until I began this mornin' explorin' of my own nater, what a powerful hard thing it is, when I'm thinkin' of my own individdlety, to keep somebody else's individdlety from poppin' up in front of it, and so says I to myself, 'If I can think of both them individdleties at the same time it will suit me fust rate.' And when you come along I thought I'd let you know what sort of a nater I've got, for it ain't likely you'd ever find it out for yourself. And now that we're in that business—"

"Hello!" cried Matlack, springing to his feet. "There is somebody callin' me. Who's there?" he shouted, stepping out into the bed of the stream.

A call was now heard, and in a few moments the bishop appeared some distance below.

"Mr. Matlack," he said, "there's a man at your camp inquiring for you. He came from Sadler's, and I've been looking high and low for you."

"A man from Sadler's," said Matlack, turning to Mrs. Perkenpine, "and I must be off to see him. Remember what I told you about the supper." And so saying, he walked rapidly away.

Out in the open Matlack found the bishop. "Obliged to you for lookin' me up," he said; "it's a pity to give you so much trouble."

"Oh, don't mention it!" exclaimed the bishop. "You cannot understand, perhaps, not knowing the circumstances, but I assure you I never was more obliged to any one than to that man who wants to see you and couldn't find you. There was no one else to look for you, and I simply had to go."

"You are not goin' to walk back to camp?" inquired Matlack.

"No," replied the bishop: "now that I am here, I think I will go up the lake and try to find a very secluded spot in the shade and take a nap."

The guide smiled as he walked away. "Don't understand?" said he. "You've got the boot on the wrong leg."

Arrived at his tent, Matlack found Bill Hammond, a young man in Sadler's service, who informed him that that burly individual had sent Martin away in the stage-coach, and had ordered him to come and take his place.

"All right," said Matlack. "I guess you're as good as he was, and so you can settle down to work. By-the-way, do you know that we are all hermits here?"

"Hermits?" said the other. "What's that?"

"Why, hermits," said Matlack, "is individ'als who gets up early in the mornin' and attends to their own business just as hard as they can, without lookin' to the right or left, until it's time to go to bed."

The young man looked at him in some surprise. "There's nothing so very uncommon in that," said he.

"No," replied the guide, "perhaps there ain't. But as you might hear them talkin' about hermits here, I thought I'd tell you just what that sort of thing is."

XXIV.—A DISSOLVING AUDIENCE.

WHEN a strange young man assisted Matlack at the supper table that evening, Mr. Archibald asked what had become of Martin.

"Peter Sadler has sent him away," answered the guide. "I don't know where he sent him or what he sent him for. But he's a young man who's above this sort of business, and so I suppose he's gone off to take up something that's more elevated."

"I am sorry," said Mrs. Archibald, "for I liked him."

Mr. Archibald smiled. "This business of insisting upon our own individualities," he said, "seems to have worked very promptly in his case. I suppose he found out he was fitted for something better than a guide, and immediately went off to get that better thing."

"That's about the size of it," said Matlack.

Margery said nothing. Her heart sank. She could not help feeling that what she had said to the young man had been the cause of his sudden departure. Could he have done such a thing, she thought, as really to go and ask Mr. Sadler, and, having found he did not mind, have gone to see her mother? Her appetite for her supper departed, and she soon rose and strolled away, and as she strolled the thought came again to her that it was a truly dreadful thing to be a girl.

Having received no orders to the contrary, Matlack, with his new assistant, built and lighted the camp fire. Some of the hermits took this as a matter of course, and some were a little surprised; but one by one they approached; the evening air was beginning to be cool, and the vicinity of the fire was undoubtedly the pleasantest place in camp. Soon they were all assembled but one, and Mrs. Archibald breathed freer when she found that Arthur Raybold was not there.

"I am delighted," said Corona, as soon as she took her usual seat, which was a camp-chair, "to see you all gather about the fire. I was afraid that some of you might think that because we are hermits we must keep away from each other all the time. But we must remember that we are associate hermits, and so should come together occasionally. I was going to say something to the effect that some of us may have misunderstood the true manner and intent of the assertions of our individualities, but I do not now believe that this is necessary."

"Do you mean by all that," said Mrs. Perkenpine, "that I cooked the supper?"

"Yes," said Miss Raybold, turning upon her guide with a pleasant smile, "that is what I referred to."

"Well," said Mrs. Perkenpine, "I was told that if I didn't cook I'd be bounced. It isn't my individdlety to cook for outsiders, but it isn't my individdlety to be bounced, nuther, so I cooked. Is that bein' a hermick?"

"You have it," cried Mr. Archibald; "you've not only found out what you are, but what you have to be. Your knowledge of yourself is perfect. And now," he continued, "isn't there somebody who can tell us a story? When we are sitting around a camp fire, there is nothing better than stories. Bishop, I dare say you have heard a good many in the course of your life. Don't you feel like giving us one?"

"I think," said Corona, "that by the aid of stories it is possible to get a very good idea of ourselves. For instance, if some one were to tell a good historical story, and any one of us should find himself or herself greatly interested in it, then that person might discover, on subsequent reflection, some phase of his or her intellect which he or she might not have before noticed. On the other hand, if it should be a love story, and some of us could not bear to hear it, then we might also find out something about ourselves of which we had before been ignorant. But I really think that, before making any tests of this sort, we should continue the discussion of what is at present the main object of our lives—self-knowledge and self-assertion. In other words, the emancipation of the individual. As I have said before, and as we all know, there never was a better opportunity offered a group of people of mature minds to subject themselves, free of outside influences, to a thorough mental inquisition, and to then exhibit the results of their self-examinations to appreciative companions. This last is very important. If we do not announce to others what we are, it is of scarcely any use to be anything. I mean this, of course, in a limited sense."

"Harriet," said Mr. Archibald, abruptly, "do you remember where I left my pipe? I do not like this cigar."

"On the shelf by the door of the cabin," she replied. "I saw it as I came out."

Her husband immediately rose and left the fire. Corona paused in her discourse to wait until Mr. Archibald came back; but then, as if she did not wish to lose the floor, she turned toward the bishop, who sat at a little distance from her, and addressed herself to him, with the idea of making some collateral remarks on what she had already said, in order to fill up the time until Mr. Archibald's return.

Mrs. Archibald thought that her husband had been a little uncivil; but almost immediately after he had gone she too jumped up, and, without making any excuse whatever, hurried after him.

"Hector," she said, as soon as she was near enough for him to hear her, "don't go after the pipe; let us take a moonlight walk along the shore. I believe it is full moon to-night, and we have not had a walk of that sort for ever so long."

"Very good," said her husband, turning to her. "I shall be delighted. I don't care for the pipe, and the cigar would have been good enough if it had not been for the sermon. That would spoil any pleasure. I can't stand that young woman, Harriet; I positively cannot."

"Well, then, let us walk away and forget her," said his wife. "I don't wonder she annoys you."

"If it were only the young woman," thought Mrs. Archibald, as the two strolled away beneath the light of the moon, "we might manage it. But her brother!"

The moment before she had left the fire Mrs. Archibald had seen some one approaching from the direction of Camp Roy. She instantly recognized this person as Arthur Raybold, and felt sure that, unwilling to stay longer by himself, he was coming to the camp fire, and if her husband should see him, she knew there would be trouble. What sort of trouble or how far it might extend she did not try to imagine.

At the next indication of a pause in Corona's discourse the bishop suddenly stood on his feet. "I wonder," he said, "if there is anything the matter with Mrs. Archibald? I will step over to her cabin to see."

"Indeed," said Corona, rising with great promptness, "I hope it is nothing serious. I will go with you."

Margery was not a rude girl, but she could not help a little laugh, which she subdued as much as possible; and Mr. Clyde, who was sitting near her, laughed also.

"There is nothing on earth the matter with Aunt Harriet," said Margery. "They didn't go into the cabin; I saw them walking away down the shore."

"How would you like to walk that way?" he asked. "I think their example is a very good one."

"It is capital," said Margery, jumping up; "and let's get away quickly before she comes back."

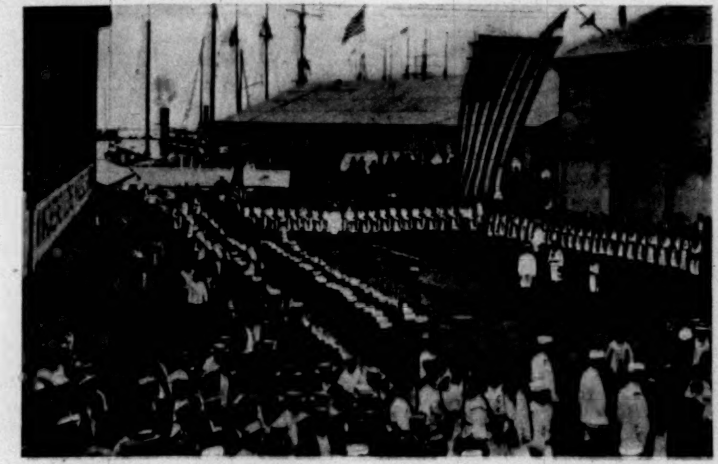
They hurried away, but they did not extend their walk down the lake shore even as far as Mr. and Mrs. Archibald had already gone. When they came to the bit of beach behind the clump of trees where the bishop had retired that afternoon to read, they stopped and sat down to watch the moonlight on the water.

Matlack and Mrs. Perkenpine were now the only persons at the camp fire, for Bill Hammond, as was his custom, had promptly gone to bed as soon as his work was done. If Arthur Raybold had intended to come to the camp fire, he had changed his mind, for he now stood near his sister's tent, apparently awaiting the approach of Corona and the bishop, who had not found the Archibalds, and who were now walking together in what might have been supposed, by people who did not know the lady, to be an earnest dialogue.

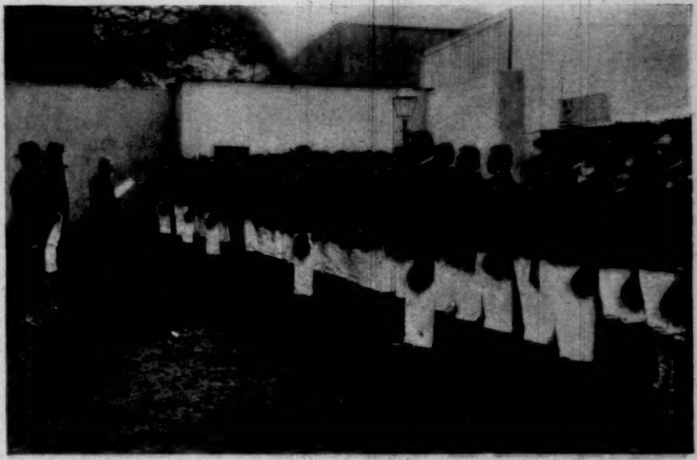
Mr. Matlack was seated on his log and smoked, and Mrs. Perkenpine sat on the ground, her head thrown back and her arms hugging her knees.

"Phil," said she, "that there moon looks to me like an oyster with a candle behind it, and as smooth and slippery as if I could jest swallow it down. You may think it is queer for me to think such things as that, Phil, but since I've come to know myself jes as I am, me, I've found out feelin's—"

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2167.



MARINES FROM UNITED STATES WAR-SHIPS LANDING TO ATTEND CEREMONIES.



HAWAIIAN POLICE SWEARING ALLEGIANCE TO THE UNITED STATES.

"Mrs. Perkenpine," said Matlack, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "there's a good many things besides moons that I can't swallow, and if it's all the same to you, I'll go to bed."

"Well," she exclaimed, looking after him, "his individdlety is the snapshortess I ever did see! I don't believe he wants to know hisself. If he did, 'm dead-sure I could help him. He never goes out to run a camp without somebody to help him, and yet he's so everlastin' blind he can't see the very best person there is to help him, and she a-plumpin' herself square in front of him every time she gits a chance." And with that reflection she rose and walked away.

"I tell you, Harriet," said Mr. Archibald, when he and his wife had returned from their walk and were about to enter the cabin, "something must be done to enable us to spend the rest of our time here in peace. This is our camp, and we want it for ourselves. If a good companionable fellow like the bishop or that young Clyde happens along, it is all very well, but we do not want all sorts of people forcing themselves upon us, and I will not submit to it."

"Of course we ought not to do that," said she, "but I hope that whatever you do, it will be something as pleasant as possible."

"I will try to avoid any unpleasantness," said he, "and I hope I may do so, but— By-the-way, where is Margery?"

DETACHMENT OF BLUEJACKETS LANDING FROM U.S.S. "PHILADELPHIA."

"I think she must be in bed," said Mrs. Archibald; and then stepping inside, she called, "Margery, are you there?"

"Yes, Aunt Harriet," replied Margery, "I am here."

"She must have found it dreadfully stupid, poor girl!" said Mr. Archibald.

The lights were all out in the Archibalds' cabin, and still Miss Raybold and the bishop walked up and down the open space at the further end of the camp.

"Corona!" exclaimed her brother, suddenly appearing before them, "I have told you over and over again that I wish to speak to you. Are you never going to stop that everlasting preaching and give me a chance to talk to you?"

"Arthur!" she exclaimed, sharply, "I wish you would not interrupt me in this way. I had just begun to say—"

"Oh, my dear Miss Raybold," cried the bishop, "do not let me prevent you from speaking to your brother. Indeed, it is growing late, and I will not trespass longer on your time. Good-night," and with a bow he was gone.

"Now just see what you have done!" said Corona, her eye-glasses brighter than the moon.

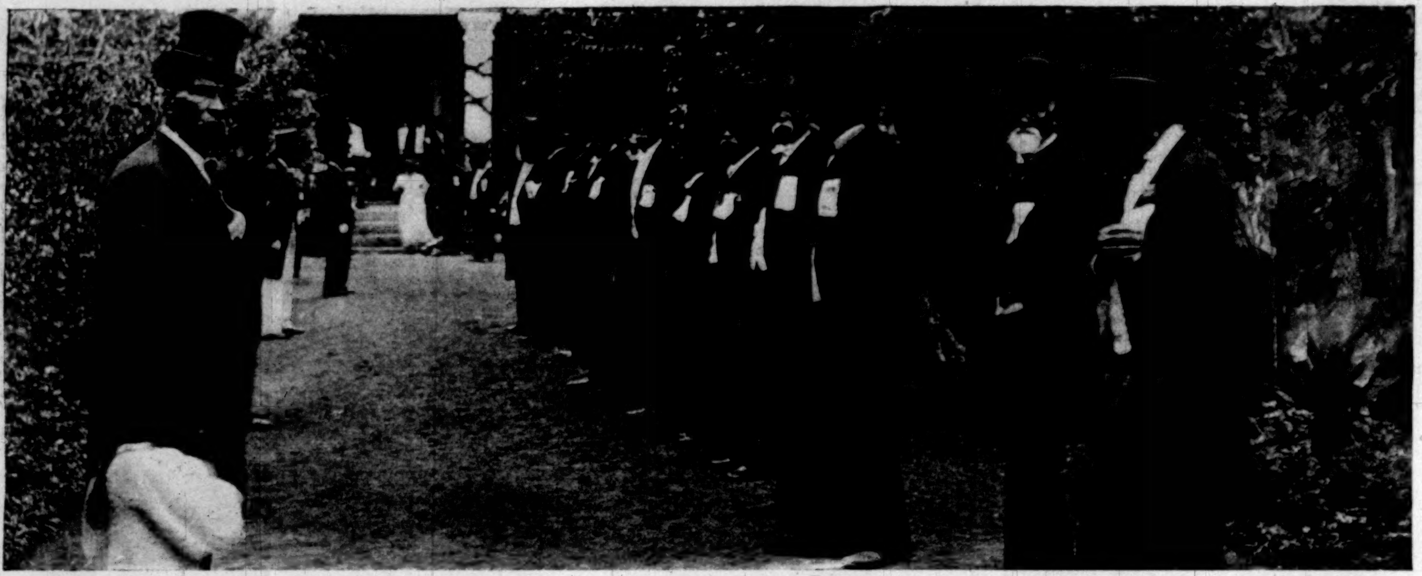
"Well, it is time he was going," said her brother. "I have something very important to say to you. I want your good offices in an affair more worthy of your thoughts than anything else at this moment."

"Whatever it is," she said, turning away from him, "I do not want to hear it now—not a word of it. You have displeased me, Arthur, and I am going to my tent."

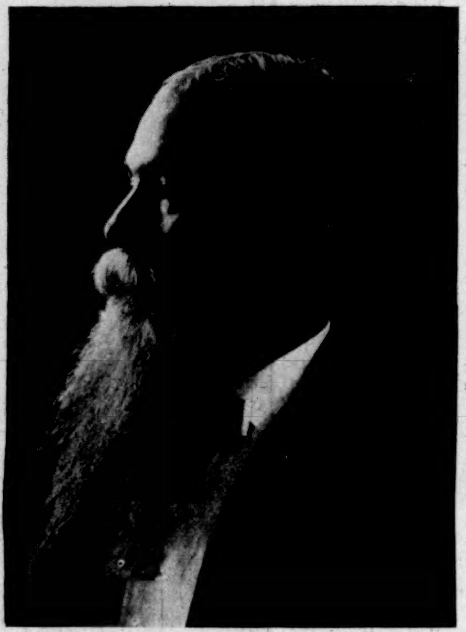
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

UNITED STATES MINISTER SEWALL PRESENTING THE RESOLUTION OF ANNEXATION TO PRESIDENT DOLE

RAISING THE FLAG OVER HAWAII, AUGUST 12, 1898.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. MARTIN MILLER.



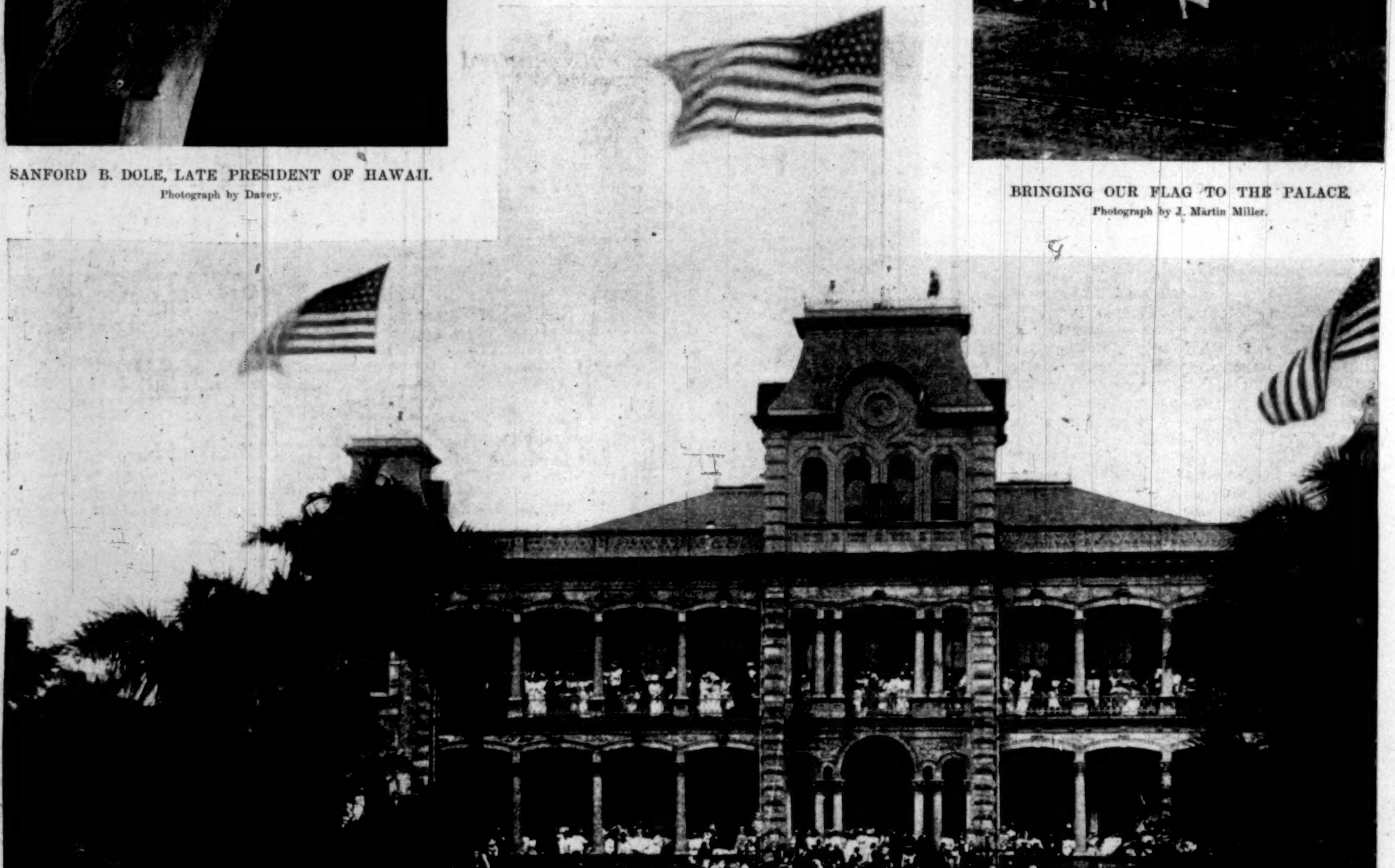
ATTENDANTS WAITING TO RECEIVE GUESTS AT THE EXECUTIVE PALACE—THE LEGEND OVER THE DOOR MEANS "WARM WELCOME."
Photograph, Copyrighted, 1898, by Davey.



SANFORD B. DOLE, LATE PRESIDENT OF HAWAII.
Photograph by Davey.

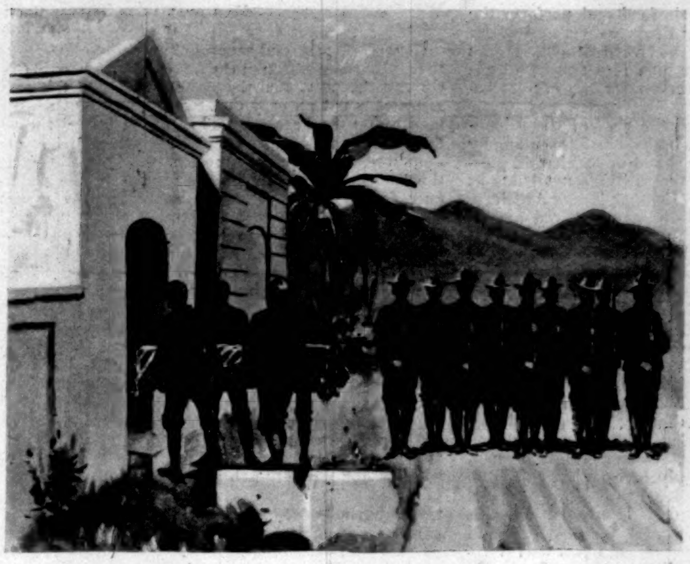
ADMIRAL MILLER, U.S.N., REPRESENTING THE UNITED STATES.
Photograph by Davey.

BRINGING OUR FLAG TO THE PALACE.
Photograph by J. Martin Miller.



SCENE JUST AFTER THE FLAG WENT UP OVER THE PALACE.
Photograph by J. Martin Miller.

THE USHERING IN OF THE NEW RÉGIME IN HAWAII, AUGUST 12, 1898.



ARROYO—BURIAL OF THE FIRST VICTIM OF THE CAMPAIGN.

PALMAS—DYNAMITE-GUNS IN ACTION.

WITH OUR TROOPS IN PUERTO RICO.

FROM SKETCHES BY T. DART WALKER, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

DYNAMITE-GUNS IN PUERTO RICO.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

GUAYAMA, PUERTO RICO, *August 10.*

THE efficacy of dynamite-guns for artillery purposes had a striking illustration here day before yesterday. Under orders of General Brooke, the engineering corps was sent forward on the road to Cayey, supported by a battalion of the Fourth Ohio volunteers under command of Colonel Coit, to examine an important bridge on the main road to San Juan. It was reported that the bridge was mined, and that it was to be blown up to check our advance.

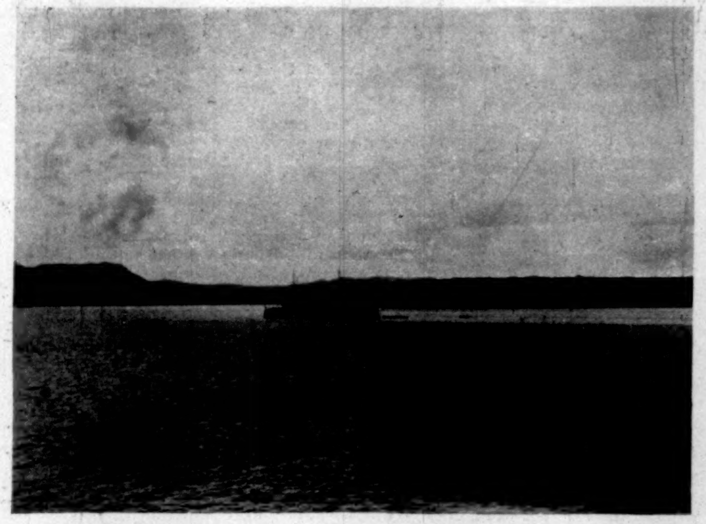
Our forces marched slowly, with only an advance-guard thrown out. It was impossible to deploy skirmishers, because of the nature of the country. A high mountain embankment ran along our left, and a sudden descent of nearly 500 feet was on the right of the road. The soldiers had gone about three miles along the steadily ascending road, and were within half a mile of the bridge, to reach which was the object of the expedition. There was a sharp turn in the road, and when the troops were about three hundred yards beyond it, in the most exposed place met thus far, there was a shrill whistling of bullets. The Spanish force was in ambush and knew the range.

The spot in the road was visible from all of the surrounding hills. Our men could not tell where the bullets came from. Fortunately there was a small ditch three feet wide and two feet deep on the side of the road, and the troops threw themselves pellmell into it. It was impossible to fix the stronghold of the Spaniards. After a few minutes our men crawled back to the turn in the road and awaited developments. The enemy kept up an incessant fire for an hour, the United States forces during that time not firing a shot.

Soon Colonel Coit found an opening in the hills to the left. He sent some troops toward it, and formed a firing line up the steep ascent. Meantime messengers had been sent to the rear to bring up the dynamite-guns of the command. The men on the firing line did some shooting, but it was not of serious effect. The ambush of the Spaniards was found after a time, and the dynamite-guns arrived within two hours. They were quickly placed in position on the edge of the road. Almost at once the Spaniards ceased firing. Evidently they saw the "earthquake-hurlers." Three shots were fired at the enemy. The explosions that followed were most destructive, and the Spaniards disappeared. Our small advance was checked. The dynamite-guns had such a moral effect, however, that we practically won the day. There seems to be no doubt that hereafter their place in warfare will be recognized as established.

It is like taking one's life in his hands to go out after dark. More than one person has been wounded or killed by our own outposts. An outpost of the Third Illinois was killed by an outpost of the Fourth Pennsylvania recently. The unfortunate man was buried in the Protestant cemetery here. There are many fever-stricken soldiers in our camps. The Red Cross Society of Guayama has provided splendidly for some of them. The food furnished by that society is excellent, and the hospital is well appointed.

T. DART WALKER.



U.S.S. "CHARLESTON" AT THE ENTRANCE TO HARBOR OF AGAÑA.

CHURCH IN AGAÑA.

WAITING TO SEE "LOS AMERICANOS."

NATIVE FAMILY AND HOUSE.

SCENES ON THE ISLAND OF GUAM, OUR NEW ACQUISITION IN THE LADRONES.

WITH GENERAL MERRITT.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Headquarters of the Expedition to the Philippines,
S.S. "Newport," Manila Harbor, *July 25, 1898.*

The five other steamers of our fleet were already nearly all coaled when we reached Honolulu on the 7th, and in the evening they were, with one exception, sent outside the reef, to free the little harbor, already much overcrowded, there to await the *Newport*, and to start on the long voyage together. We were ordered to be on board at eleven o'clock the next morning—an hour which promised to come far too quickly for even the most unemotional amongst us, and the brief period which was allowed us on shore was improved with almost hysterical activity. General Merritt was met, on landing, by Consul-General Haywood, who proved to be a most efficient and energetic guide; the courtesies of the Pacific Club were tendered to the general and his staff, and the forenoon was spent in a pleasant visit to Minister Sewall, in a call upon President Dole and his cabinet, and in other formalities. The chief embarrassment to both officers and men was the lavishness, and withal the kindly urgency, of the hospitality. Nothing could be too good for a soldier; almost every man was decorated with wreaths of pinks and fragrant tropical blossoms—twined around his hat and hung around his neck and across his shoulders.

Every one wore a badge with eagle and crossed flags, and the motto, "Aloha nui to our Boys in Blue"—an expression of loving welcome suggesting in its phraseology a kinship of sentiment, if not of blood, anticipating, indeed, a union of interests which the long-desired annexation would confirm and establish. The spectacle of great, brown, hardy soldiers from the Northwest running about the town like so many children on a picnic, with wreaths and flowers and tropical fruits, sometimes accompanied by happy natives, sometimes driving with the ladies of society in sumptuous equipages, sometimes lounging on the shady lawns of the bungalows under palm and pepper trees, sometimes dashing along on bicycles, all as careless as schoolboys—this spectacle, forsooth, is not to be described, can never be forgotten. Reluctantly the soldiers boarded the crowded transports again; still more reluctantly did those whose foresight secured for them the enjoyment of a clean airy room in the hotel, and who were able to enjoy something of the unique Hawaiian hospitality, break away from the fascinating place, whose irresistible delights were only beginning to unfold themselves when the cruel moment of departure arrived.

A rumor that the Cadiz fleet had passed through the Suez Canal reached Honolulu by our boat, and was partly confirmed by newspapers brought by a quick steamer which left Victoria two days after we sailed from San Francisco. This rumor caused a certain anxiety at Honolulu, for the story of the Spanish occupation of Ponapi in the Carolines, in 1888, and the consequent interruption of successful mission-work, was still vividly remembered there; and, besides, the citizens were hyperconscious of their position as avowed friends of the United States at the present crisis, and naturally considered the voyage of Spanish cruisers for revenge and conquest quite within the range of possibility. The departure of General Merritt and his fleet caused, therefore, a lively exhibition of sentimental and patriotic interest, and the wharf was crowded with our new-found friends long before the hour of sailing. Officers and men on the *Newport* were adorned as for a carnival festivity, some of them, in fact, almost smothered with flowers.

No salutes from the idle Monitor *Monadnock* honored the occasion, but the citizens sent as an escort the fine Hawaiian band, which played patriotic airs as we slowly steamed along the narrow channel in the reef toward the distant group of steamers awaiting our arrival before starting on the long voyage. It was found, on reaching them, that one of the vessels was slightly disabled, and therefore, after an hour of busy signal-work, General Merritt, to the satisfaction of every one on the *Newport*, decided to lay the course of his transport straight to the Philippines by way of Farallon de Pájaros, the most northerly island of the Ladrones, and to leave the rest of the fleet to follow the plan originally decided upon, namely, to make first for the island of Guam in the Ladrones, where, it was believed, the Monitor *Monterey* would be overtaken, and then to steer for the general line of rendezvous, beginning at a point 600 miles due east from Cape Engaño, the northeastern point of the island of Luzon. Farallon de Pájaros is 450 miles north of Guam, and the route to Manila taken by the *Newport* would be about 4970 miles, as against almost 5100 miles on the course followed by the other vessels. The convoy of the Monitor was certainly desirable, but the delay caused by the increased mileage and the reduction of speed necessary to keep in sight of the other ships would have caused the *Newport* to lose three days at least. Somewhere on the line of rendezvous it was expected that a vessel sent by Admiral Dewey would meet us to escort us into port, or at least to give us news of the situation there for our guidance.

For ten whole days we ran at an average of about 310 miles, in weather absolutely perfect, and with a thermometer standing between 80° and 85° day and night. A following trade-wind of about the same speed we were making made the heat seem much more oppressive than these figures indicate; but an occasional shower apparently cooled the air, although the mercury scarcely ever fell a degree.

For ten days not an object broke the horizon, and the monotony of its sharp line was only varied by the slanting dashes of small showers as they slowly moved across the water. For ten days we saw nothing on the ocean more interesting than great schools of flying-fish and an occasional gull or albatross. The busy teeming life on the steamer was a continuous entertainment, and the ten days, which would otherwise have been deadly monotonous, passed with extraordinary rapidity. The men's quarters were cramped enough below, but the ventilation was good, the temperature at least a degree and a half lower than in the saloon, and the troop-deck was kept scrupulously clean. The bunks were, however, fixed and stationary, and, unlike the hammocks and folding-bunks in use on the English troop-ships, could not be removed to make room for mess tables. They accommodated more men in a given area, but the system compelled the occupants to eat their food and perform the manifold minor duties of soldier life wherever and whenever they could find a place on the crowded boat. It was therefore necessary to allow the men free run of all the decks, except a small space reserved for the officers between the deck houses.

The Astor Battery pre-empted the roof of the saloon-deck house, and many of them bivouacked there among the life-rafts and spars, and the sound of music and merriment was often heard above the awnings until late at night. K Battery, of the Third Regular Heavy Artillery, swarmed all over the bow; H Battery gathered on the stern, and stragglers from all three batteries were found at night stretched all over the hurricane-deck. After leaving Honolulu a system of squad drills in calisthenics and the manual of arms was carried on with great regularity, for the weather seldom interfered with these exercises, and there was no seasickness. There was no deck-room for parade, and the regulations about dress were not strictly enforced. Indeed, there was almost full liberty given to the men in this respect, and some of the officers themselves wore tennis suits and other civilian clothes for a larger part of the voyage. As for occupations and pastimes, they were so numerous that the days were all too short to exhaust the programme. Officers and men spent a great deal of time in the study of Spanish, and little groups busy over the same book occupied every retired corner at certain times of the day. Perhaps there was some indifference to the music of pure Castilian, and surely a wide ignorance of it prevailed, but a useful vocabulary was rapidly acquired, and even some fluency in speaking the language might be credited to some earnest students. Boxing was indulged in by the men every evening, and impromptu conversaziones were organized by the officers, and at twilight nearly every evening some officer related an interesting experience. Colonel Brainard's story of the Greely expedition will long remain in the memory of those who gathered around him in the warm evening air, and, dressed in the lightest possible garments, listened to the dramatic tale of life in the ice and snow of the far North. General Merritt gave a vivid but brief picture of an incident in the civil war; Major Thompson of the signal corps told of the Custer massacre; Surgeon Woodruff turned our thoughts to the disturbing theories of degeneracy; the Astor Battery furnished a well-equipped variety troupe on more than one occasion, and so the evenings succeeded each other with pleasant entertainment.

We ran into Spanish waters on the evening of the tenth day from the Hawaiian Islands, and then the real object of our voyage, lost sight of but not forgotten in the diversions of the trip, came strongly to our minds again, and the fertile imaginations pictured all sorts of adventures to be in store for us before we should reach Manila, if, indeed, we got there at all. It was with a sense of appreciation of the possible uncertainties of the situation in these waters that we had gayly sailed away from Honolulu, but all anxiety was soothed away as we quietly went along, and no one seemed to think very much about anything. But at four o'clock on the afternoon of the 19th (we had lost a day at the 180th meridian, it must be remembered) the great pyramid of the island volcano Assumption was discovered looming up boldly to the southwest. A few moments later, on the distant horizon, directly in our path, a tiny white wreath of smoke made a bright spot against the gray of the low clouds, and we rapidly ran up in the mirage the symmetrical cone of the Farallon de Pájaros, with its immense plume of sulphur steam drifting far away to the northeast, puffing up in huge rounded masses many hundreds of feet above the summit. A most gorgeous and dramatic sunset, with the great active volcano and its cloud of steam strong in contrast against a kaleidoscopic sky, kept every one watching its rapid transformations, until all the light went out of the west and Venus blazed brightly in our path. The volcano is over a thousand feet in height, and rises directly out of the ocean in the form of a slightly depressed cone, with a small rugged promontory jutting out to the southward. The crater is apparently about two hundred and fifty feet across, and, judging from the strong reflection on the steam-cloud, it is full of molten lava. We had the mountain abeam and about four miles distant at a quarter past eight, only six minutes later than Captain Saunders had promised ten days before. Our course was slightly changed to the southward, and in an hour the red light of the crater had disappeared astern.

Time now began to drag a little, as it always does toward the end of a long voyage, and the soldiers no longer talked of their present discomforts, but of the probable future operations. The wise words of the veterans were listened to with earnestness and attention, and discussions on the field operations, the new system of formation, the use of the weapons, and on kindred topics were heard on all sides. The non-coms., too, began to have a more paternal authority over the men, and even to a casual observer there were signs of awakened interest in the soldier's trade. The six-hundred-mile point was passed at one o'clock on the morning of the 22d, and we began to look for signs of vessels to the westward. The sea was almost without a ripple, for the trade-wind had died away altogether, and the horizon-line was clean and sharp. The heat rose gradually to 87°, where it remained without perceptible variation day and night, and threatening clouds hung over the western sky. Late in the afternoon of the 24th we saw through the veil of mist and between the distant showers of rain the headlands of Cape Engaño, and before midnight were well in the middle of the narrow strait between that point and the Babuyan Islands. At daybreak Sunday morning we entered the China Sea, and shortly after, passing a large steamer a dozen miles to the northward, which went on its course without so much as showing a flag, we stood away to the southward, toward the entrance to Manila Bay, less than three hundred miles distant.

Heavy rains and wind squalls made our last night disagreeable and very uncomfortable for everybody. At ten o'clock on the morning of Monday, the 26th, we passed the beautiful, luxuriantly wooded islands at the entrance of the harbor, and in a few moments saw in the distance the towering masts of a man-of-war off Cavité and a forest of smaller spars beyond. Shortly after eleven o'clock the *Concord* steamed out to meet us, and an officer came aboard, bringing the news of the fall of Santiago, the destruction of the Spanish fleet in Cuban waters, and the annexation of Hawaii.

Headquarters of General Greene,
Tambo, near Manila, *July 26.*

General Merritt and several officers came ashore to-day to inspect the position of the forces under General Greene's command, and visited the picket-line. The trip from the *Newport* is not an easy one, for there are no facilities for landing on the beach. A ship's boat brings the visitors from the steam-launch to within a hundred feet or so of the shore, and then they are carried through the surf on the backs of soldiers, who are always in the water—not only for pleasure, but to assist in landing operations. The camp is on a low, flat, sandy strip just behind a thick border of bamboo and other trees, which everywhere line the shore, and which at frequent intervals hide a cluster of palm-thatched fishing-huts. The camp is not only well laid out, but is very picturesque. Recognizing the importance of raising the bed above the ground, the soldiers have built platforms of bamboo, which they cover with their shelters. All around the camp is a Midway Plaisance of natives, and along the road, beyond which is the *camino real* from Cavité to Manila, there are huts every few yards. Indeed, the whole tract appears to be densely populated. The natives are exceedingly clean in dress and quiet in manners, and apparently feel already perfectly at home with the soldiers, for scarcely a hut but has some Western giant in or near it. General Greene has picketed a line about three-quarters of a mile east from the beach, near Malate, where the insurgent and the Spanish lines come to within 200 yards of each other. At this point there is an attack, if aimless firing can be called attack, every evening, and our pickets are so close to the rear of the insurgents that they are well within the danger zone. However, the peasants live there with their flocks and herds and children, and cultivate their rice quite unconcernedly, as if there was no danger. Indeed, I find it hard to believe there is any serious conflict on here, for the roads and the villages have quite a festive air. Bands and couples of insurgents are always going and coming, and they are all clean and neat, and have quite a holiday appearance. There is no system about their movements that I can find out, and they certainly do not look as if they were at serious work. It is an incongruous sight to see a picket of our own troops right in the midst of these people, giants in stature beside them, and looking quite out of keeping with the surroundings in their tan-colored uniforms and slouch-hats. We are now anxiously awaiting the arrival of the rest of our expedition, which is probably making slow progress on account of the convoy, the *Monterey*. Admiral Dewey visited General Merritt a few moments after the steamer dropped anchor yesterday. The Astor Battery and Batteries H and K of the Third Heavy Artillery were landed from the *Newport* to-day.

F. D. Millet.

A NIGHT IN THE INSURGENTS' TRENCHES.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Hospital, Cavité, *July 29, 1898.*

To get through the American lines and into the insurgents' trenches it is necessary to have two passes. One is easily obtained at General Anderson's headquarters; the other is a matter of long diplomatic negotiations at the headquarters of General Aguinaldo, President of the revolutionary government of the Philippines.

We made our way along the wharves of the arsenal, past the machine-shop—left intact by the Spaniards, and now noisily worked by the American workmen—down the long walk shaded with luxuriant trees and lined with low flat barracks, where the American soldier sleeps, cooks, and hangs out his washing. Everywhere the grounds were crowded with ragged, stolid, silent natives, some working, some standing about, some begging, their whole attitude that of indifference. An occasional leper drags himself along. Down in one corner of the wharves have settled a regular colony of dark-skinned Filipinos, employed in transporting troops and stores on their long bamboo-covered casco-boats. Their emaciated little children play about, and their women appear to be constantly employed in washing their rags and scouring their primitive pots and kettles. A very cleanly lot they seem, considering their resources.

Well in the middle of the grounds stands General Anderson's headquarters. As we went up the steps a tall man rather shabbily dressed preceded us. We noticed his military bearing, and were told that he was the captain of one of the Spanish men-of-war which lies with projecting spars at the bottom of Cavité Harbor. Following his footsteps, we of necessity overheard what he said to the general's aide:

"Señor, I borrowed, some time ago, two hundred dollars from Admiral Dewey to pay off my men. I have come to repay the debt."

He turned his profile towards us, and we noticed how thin he looked. He must have starved himself to collect the money. With a very straight back, he counted out the Spanish bills, and turned to go.

"Will you not take a receipt?" asked the aide of General Anderson.

"Never from an officer," answered the gray-haired old gentleman, with a courtly old-fashioned bow.

Here at least is a true Spanish caballero.

Leaving the arsenal, we walked through the narrow streets of Cavité, crowded with nut-brown natives in loose garments of bright colors.

In some of the low-lying houses the insurgents keep over a thousand Spanish prisoners starving, to the great shame of the American flag, which is supposed to float over Cavité.

At the wharf outside the town we get into our long dug-out, dignified by the name of *Harper's Weekly Despatch-boat*, which, under the steady strokes of our four silent boatmen, takes us to Bakor, to which place General Aguinaldo moved from Cavité, probably to get further away from the strong hand of American authority.

Near by the seat of the revolutionary government is an improvised chapel, where, some days ago, Aguinaldo took oath as President of the new republic. Grotesque pictures of the "Holy Family" and tinsel ornaments still decorate the interior. At the government building lounge Aguinaldo's body-guard in natty white suits, with knife strapped

on side, and the Philippine cockade jauntily stuck in their hat-bands.

We have a strapping Yorkshire man along, and he looks a giant striding along among this dainty little people.

We have friends at court, and are immediately ushered into the waiting-room; but it must not be supposed, from this promptness of attention, that we are to see the august "Presidente." He is, as usual, "very busy and somewhat indisposed."

It seems that Aguinaldo, while ostensibly helping our quartermaster to get means for transporting the troops, had secretly forbidden the natives to let their horses or buffaloes to the Americanos. At the moment of our entry Aguinaldo has just been informed with Anglo-Saxon brutality that unless transportation is furnished on demand the quartermaster of the American army would seize all the horses in the country.

We were entertained by the secretary of Aguinaldo, who, in the reflected grandeur of his master, is also a very great man. He is very polite, but never allows himself to show anything like interest in what is going on about him. With inscrutable face he discusses the political situation, after the fashion of a man of the world who is rather bored. For all his society airs, he puts us some rather difficult questions. "The Americans have, of course, come to give independence to the Philippines?" "Do we not find the people as worthy of self-government as the Cubans?" "Why will General Anderson not recognize the government of President Aguinaldo?" To all these questions we made answer as best we could, and after an hour's delay in getting our passes we rose to go, with a feeling that it was really we who had been interviewed. A very clever young man, this secretary of the President. One thing, however, we were given to understand—that only so long as the Americans favored the independence of the islands might they expect friendly treatment from the insurgents.

An hour's row brought us to Camp Dewey, where, wishing to see the fighting in the insurgents' trenches after dark, we waited. At nightfall four of us started on the muddy road which leads direct to Manila; our fat interpreter, the quondam keeper of a sailors' boarding-house in the capital, showed symptoms of turning tail.

"It is very dangerous," he ventured, after an animated conversation with some natives.

"Very well; you go ahead, Ruis, and ward off danger." This plan did not seem to please Ruis, for he very soon dropped behind, saying that he would see that no one took us by surprise from the rear.

About a mile out we came to our own outposts; the men were having a good time, singing "Marching through Georgia."

"Not much like the English army in the field," remarked our Yorkshire man, who has seen twelve years of British service. "No man on outpost duty is even allowed to light a cigarette."

A short distance ahead we ran upon the last American picket.

"Where is the sentinel?" shouted the Lieutenant with us. "Why doesn't he challenge?"

At last the sentinel appeared from somewhere, but was so confused that he allowed us to go by without examining our passes. Our outpost duty is so wretched that a regiment of Spaniards might be smuggled through the lines and no one be the wiser. This is the kind of picket duty our National Guard learned in time of peace.

The road became more muddy and rough. It might be possible to get cannon along these paths, but, once at the front, it would be impossible to move them back again in a hurry. We floundered about in the blackness, and, to add to our discomforts, it began to rain. Not as it rains in America, but as if some one were throwing buckets of water on the particular spot where you happened to be. Two miles from camp we stumbled over the first insurgent barricade, a rude structure of bamboo and dirt thrown across the road. Passing this, we finally reached the fighting-line of the insurgents. Here two muzzle-loading cannon threatened the Spanish lines, some 200 yards ahead in the darkness. In the insurgents' trenches along the road ragged Filipinos, rifle in hand, lay stretched in the rain, watching for the enemy. On our right a desultory firing began, and we asked to be taken to the place where they were fighting. Ruis consulted with the leaders, and after many protests that it would be most dangerous, a guide was given us, who led us through swamps and bogs towards the firing-line. For some reason, tramp as we would, we did not seem to get there. At last we reached another barricade, only a short distance from the fighting. The comandante of this position informed us that the insurgent lines at this point were so scattered that the soldiers had orders to fire on any one approaching during the night. They were evidently afraid of a flank movement on the part of the Spaniards. Much against our will we were obliged to accept the hospitality of the comandante, and spend the night in an improvised hut fifteen feet square, where we were crowded with twenty-five insurgents and a large population of vermin.

During the night the Spaniards evidently made an attack on our position, for the firing approached, and the bullets began to whistle among the trees about us. The comandante made us lie up close to the barricade; and there, seeing nothing, and hearing only the crackling of musketry and the whistling of bullets, we spent the rest of the night, drenched to our skins.

With the first light we went into the insurgents' trenches, and were much impressed with the strength of the Spanish earthworks. With block-houses at regular intervals, only about 200 yards separated the insurgent and Spanish lines. While we were in the trenches a fusillade was opened on both sides, apparently for our benefit. Much ammunition was wasted and no harm done. Farther on we ran across a Krupp gun which the insurgents had taken from the arsenal and brought into position. So far as we could judge, both sides confined themselves to lying behind their earth-works and firing at each other—a method of campaign likely to be dragged on indefinitely without any result. The underbrush, trees, and hedges are so thick and the swamps so numerous that it would seem as if our advance must be confined to roads alone. Covering these the Spaniards have strong artillery, so that our advance would be made with great sacrifice of men.

J. F. BASS.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Thursday, August 25.—General Miles has been directed to send home from Puerto Rico all troops not actually needed for service.

General Merritt cabled that the *Rio de Janeiro* and *Pennsylvania* had arrived out.

General Shafter formally relinquished the command at Santiago de Cuba to General Lawton, boarded the steamer *Mexico* with the members of his staff, and sailed for Montauk.

A despatch from La Coruña, Spain, states that the Spanish troops brought from Santiago de Cuba on the *Alicante* are being landed. Their condition is pitiable—eight died to-day. The government is hiring all the places in La Coruña which are available for their accommodation—a disused sardine-factory, the bull-ring, etc.—and will send them to their homes, after paying for their services in the lost colony during the past nine months. Private subscriptions in aid of the sick are also being received.

Friday, August 26.—A serious street fight, which occurred on Wednesday, is reported from Manila. One member of the Utah Artillery, Battery B, was killed, and one mortally wounded, and four troopers of the Fourth Cavalry were wounded. The natives attacked the soldiers through a misunderstanding. Their loss was four killed and several wounded.

Saturday, August 27.—Preparations for the embarkation of our troops are being made at Ponce, Puerto Rico. . . . General Miles had occasion to-day to assert his authority in the island. The mayor of Aguado had been imprisoned by the Spaniards, and later removed to San Juan, where, it was thought, there was danger of his being put to death on the charge of aiding the Americans. General Miles telegraphed to Captain-General Macias forbidding him to proceed with the execution of any sentence of capital punishment against the mayor, or to punish other political offenders.

An appeal for the removal of the ashes of Columbus from Havana to Spain was made by the *Diario de la Marina*.

Sunday, August 28.—Secretary Alger, in an interview on the conduct of the War Department, declared that there would be no investigation of any branch of the service, and that no investigation was necessary. "Out of the 250,000 men in camp in different localities in the United States and elsewhere," he said, "there have been possibly 1200 deaths from sickness. This is hardly more than a city of this number of inhabitants would have in the same period, and perhaps not as many if the city was subject to an epidemic of typhoid or yellow fever." It was asserted that food, clothing, and medicines had been everywhere provided in abundance; the officers, however, at the points of distribution had sometimes failed to make their requisitions in good season, not realizing the immense amount that would be needed. He added, "The Quartermaster-General is now distributing 400 tons of food a day to soldiers scattered over the earth from Puerto Rico to Manila." The necessity of a searching examination of the conduct of the various military departments is urged in communications from all parts of the country.

The condition of the Spanish troops at Guantanamo is reported to be so wretched that not more than two-thirds of those who start for Spain are expected to reach their destination alive.

Monday, August 29.—New York extended a greeting to those members of the Seventy-first Regiment who returned to-day and marched from the Battery to their armory in Thirty-fourth Street that has perhaps never been surpassed as a display of the city's enthusiasm and patriotism.

Tuesday, August 30.—The transport *China* left Manila, having on board Major-General Merritt and his staff. It is said that the general will go to Paris to take part in the Spanish-American peace conference. General Otis is Acting-Governor of Manila.

Major-General Garcia has been relieved by the Cuban government from the command of the Cuban troops in the eastern part of the island.

Wednesday, August 31.—Rear-Admiral Schley and General Gordon of the Puerto Rico military commission, together with representatives of every branch of the post-office service, several army paymasters and surgeons, and twenty-two trained nurses, sailed from Brooklyn for San Juan and Ponce.

By direction of the President, orders were issued to the commandants of the Naval Academy, Annapolis, and of the navy-yard of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to release the Spanish prisoners in their charge. The Spanish government has cabled Admiral Cervera $50,000, to be expended in providing for the transportation of the sailors and officers under his command who have been held prisoners of war.

A despatch from Madrid says that Señor Silvela, Conservative leader, had a conference with Sagasta. Silvela declined to accept a place on the Spanish Peace Commission, saying that it was the duty of the Liberals to make peace.

Thursday, September 1.—The plans of the Red Cross Society for carrying throughout Cuba the relief-work which was begun at Siboney and continued at Santiago are given in a letter from Miss Clara Barton. The steamship *San Antonio* has been chartered by the Central Cuban Relief Committee, and will sail from New York with one thousand tons of supplies for Havana.

MARRION WILCOX.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

FOOD FOR INFANTS.

THE Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk as a baby food from the hour of birth, stands without a competitor, presenting as it does the most perfect preparation of milk for the use of infants.—[*Adv.*]

INACTIVE liver, depressed spirits—make both right with ABBOTT'S—THE ORIGINAL ANGOSTURA BITTERS. The genuine ABBOTT'S will revolutionize the system. —[*Adv.*]

LADIES are greatly benefited by DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the South American Tonic. —[*Adv.*]

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STATEMENT OF THE TRAVELERS Life and Accident Insurance Company, OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Chartered 1863. [Stock.] Life and Accident Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1898.

PAID-UP CAPITAL,	$1,000,000.00
Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included.)	$22,868,994.16
Liabilities,	19,146,359.04
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	$3,722,635.12

July 1, 1898.

Total Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included.)	$24,103,986.67
Total Liabilities,	19,859,291.43
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	$4,244,695.24
Paid to Policy-holders since 1864,	$35,660,940.19
Paid to Policy-holders January–July, '98,	1,300,493.68
Loaned to Policy-holders on Policies (Life),	1,161,705.00
Life Insurance in Force,	94,646,669.00

GAINS.

6 Months—January to July, 1898.

In Assets,	$1,234,992.51
In Surplus (to Policy-holders),	522,060.12
In Insurance in Force (Life Department only),	2,764,459.00
Increase in Reserves,	705,642.18
Premiums Received, 6 Months,	2,937,432.77

JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.
J. B. LEWIS, M.D. Medical Director and Adjuster.
SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Counsel.
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THE MORRIS COUNTY GOLF-COURSE.

The mere laying out of a golf-course is one thing; its development into conformity with championship conditions is quite another. The one may be the work of a day; the other is generally the result of years experimenting and rearrangement. All of the famous Old World courses have been perfected after this fashion, and our American links are now passing through a similar process of change and evolution.

It is only by the test of actual play that the golfing character of any piece of ground can be developed to the best advantage. What may look feasible in theory is often impossible in practice, and, contrariwise, a radical departure from orthodox canons may be amply justified by its practical outcome. It is a problem that may have many answers but only one solution. It is only after successive trials that we can be sure that we have found it.

The U. S. G. A. has selected the course of the Morris County Golf Club as the scene for the amateur championship meeting of 1898, and the choice is a wise one. The club's location is central, the accommodation for visitors is excellent, and the playing conditions are of the first order. The length and arrangement of the holes and the character of the turf and hazards make the course a fair proving-ground for the best of golf, and it will be the best man who shall win out in the championship meeting.

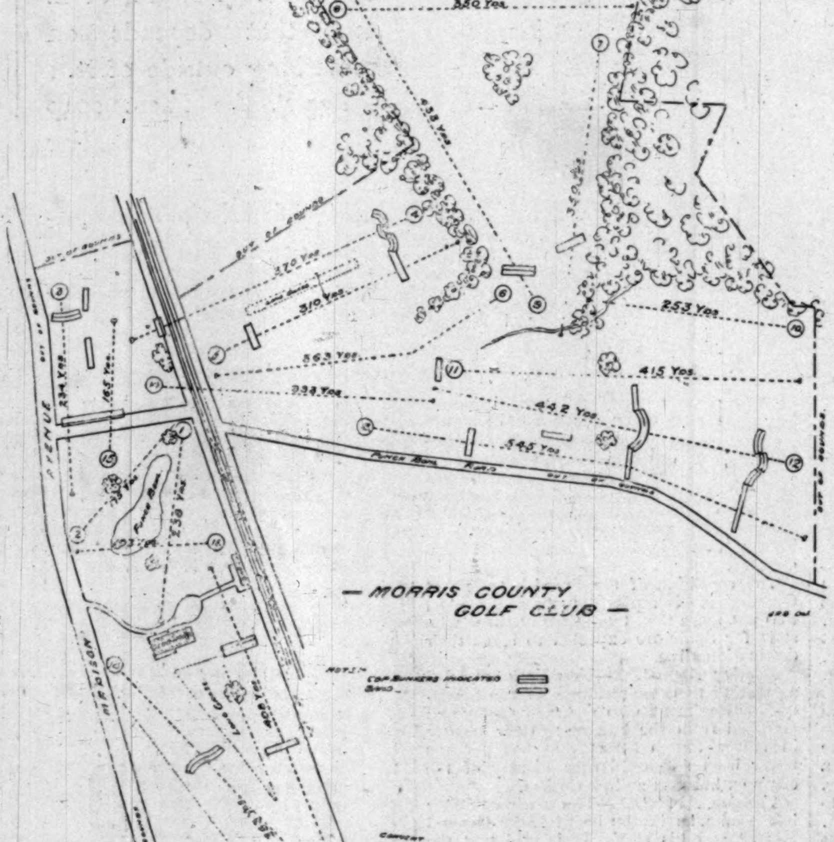
But golf at Morristown is a very different thing from what it was at the organization of the club four years ago. Not a link remains of the original course, for even the holes in and around the well-known "punch-bowl" have been changed, both in location and in the playing direction. The first hole was orginally situated upon the left-hand edge of the "punch-bowl"; now it is in the far right-hand corner. The home hole has been changed twice, and now occupies the old croquet-ground. The old seven-hole course covered some fifteen acres and aggregated about 1300 yards in playing distance; the present eighteen-hole round runs over ninety acres and foots up 5960 yards.

Of course it was the "punch-bowl" that first suggested the idea of golf to the Morristown pioneers. Its steep hollows and long grassy swales gave it a sporty appearance, and promised infinite possibilities. It is still an interesting feature of the course, but custom and the growth in golfing skill have robbed it of its old-time terrors. The three holes within its borders are now accounted as easy.

The original seven-hole round was ridiculously short—hardly more than a putting course. Most of the holes could be reached by a moderately good drive; and there was not a true second shot in the round. This weakness soon became apparent, and in 1895 the club acquired the lease of sixty-five acres of outlying land, and proceeded to install the full number of eighteen holes. This addition brought the playing distance up to two and three-quarter miles; and two of the holes were well over four hundred yards. This was a decided step in advance, but the playing qualities of the course were very far from perfection. The artificial hazards were badly arranged, with unfair traps in the way of trees and fencing; the fair green was rough and stony, and the putting-greens were small and far from true.

In 1896 the course was radically rearranged. Some of the flat meadow-land was abandoned and new ground was taken in. The club having been organized as a stock company, the whole tract was purchased, and solemnly consecrated to the interest of golf, and of golf alone. The green committee had many difficulties with which to contend, but at the close of the season (when the first woman's championship meeting was held upon it) the course was in very fair condition, and afforded a good test of golfing ability.

In 1897 it was determined that still further changes were necessary if the course were to conform to championship conditions. The club secured written opinions from Mr. Whigham and from several professionals upon the best possible utilization of the playing area, and these several suggestions were carefully sifted down and weighed against each other. The result is the course as it exists to-day, and in practice the various changes have been more than justified. Moreover, when the club decided to apply for the amateur championship meeting, the resolution carried with it the expensive necessity of laying water-pipes to every separate green, and the thorough overhauling of the mid-course. This has involved an immense amount of work, but it has been done, and done well. A forest of trees has been cut down and tons of stones have been carted off. Not a fence remains to bar the player's progress, and the big grass tees are a welcome innovation upon the ridiculous elevations of stone-hard clay, which were once considered the only proper thing. The putting-greens are all of the largest size, and most of them are upon the natural lay of the land—true, smooth, and beautifully undulating. The fair green is as good as it can ever be upon an inland course, and the playing distance is very nearly three and one-half miles. As the arena of the forth-coming national contest, it will be interesting to examine it in detail.



Going to the first hole (238 yards), the play is over the right slope of the "punch-bowl." A pulled ball may be buried in long grass at the bottom of the hollow, and a badly sliced one may go out of bounds to the right. The only other chance of trouble is in an overplayed approach, and the green is large and level. Bogey is four.

The second hole (175 yards) calls for careful consideration. The line runs across a corner of the "punch-bowl," and the edge of the plateau is about one hundred and sixty-five yards from the tee. A strong driver is not unlikely to play his ball into Madison Avenue, which is out of bounds, and consequently unplayable. The natural remedy would be to take a brassey or a cleek, but it is a long shot to safety, if we play directly on the flag. Anything short of 160 yards will leave the ball on the steep hillside, and very possibly in an impracticable cup. If we play well to the right the ball may strike in the branches of a wide-spreading oak-tree (one of the few that the axe has spared) and rebound into the depths of the "punch-bowl." The problem is one that every player must work out for himself. Colonel Bogey does the hole in three.

Going to the third hole (234 yards) an earth bunker must be carried from the tee, and a pulled ball is out of bounds. An open sand-pit may trap a sliced ball, but there is plenty of room if we drive even moderately straight. The hole is guarded by a cop-bunker, and the field beyond is out of bounds and unplayable. Bogey is four, and the hole is generally done in that figure.

The railway and a cop-bunker are the initial hazards for the fourth hole (370 yards). The danger limit is not over fifty yards or so, but a ball lying within the white stakes that define the railway embankment is unplayable. In this (as in all other cases of balls in unplayable ground) the local rules provide that the player *must* immediately drop and play another ball from the place of the original stroke, and lose *only* distance. A ball striking a telegraph pole or wire *may* be teed or dropped (according to whether the interrupted stroke was a tee or field shot), and replayed *without* penalty.

Safely over the railway, the line runs gently upward to the green, and the brassey lies are excellent. The hole is protected by a cop-bunker, and unplayable woodland punishes an over-approach. Bogey is five.

The fifth hole (310 yards) presents no especial features. An open sand ditch lies in wait for a topped tee shot, and there is a second hazard of the same variety to guard the green. Bogey is four.

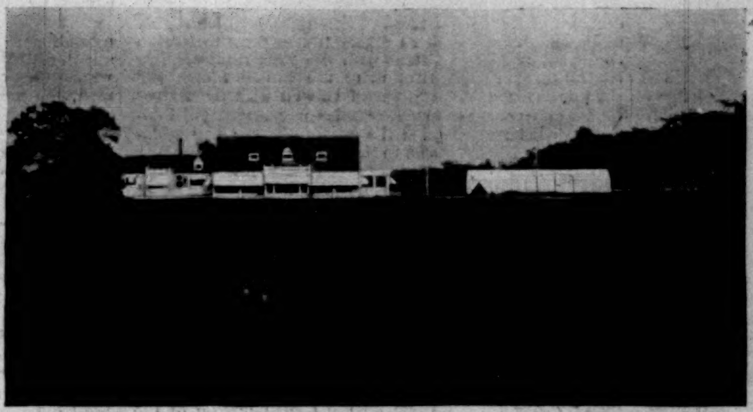
It is possible to reach the sixth hole (363 yards) in two strokes, but both drive and brassey must be first-class play. The line is slightly deflected by a point of woods (as shown upon the map), and the average playing distance is consequently a trifle over the official figure. The woods being unplayable ground, it will not do to shave the danger point too closely, and we consequently drive slightly to the right of the true line. The green is one of the largest and finest on the course, and is unprotected. Bogey is five.

Open sand-pits, directly in front and on the left, punish a weak or wild drive to the seventh hole (350 yards). Unplayable woodland bounds the course upon the right,

but otherwise the way is clear to the hole. The green itself is a grassy hollow, not unlike the "saucer" at Ardsley, and affords a fine chance for scientific putting. Bogey is five.

It is a beautiful view from the high tee of the eighth hole, but the golfer will probably have no eyes except for the splendid chance afforded him for getting in a "screamer." The course is of generous width, and it is all downhill to the hole. The ball gets a fine run, and although the distance is 350 yards, the second shot may be generally brought off with a cleek, for the green lies at the bottom of a steep slope. Beyond is unplayable ground, and to the right of the green is a lot of stone that means endless trouble to the slicer. Colonel Bogey is credited with a four.

A drive, a brassey, and an iron may bring us to the turn at the ninth green (433 yards), but it is an excellent hole in the Bogey figure of five. The lies are only fair, and the green is guarded by a high cop-bunker. The total Bogey for the outward journey foots up thirty-nine, and it is good golfing that can score within four strokes of that figure.



CLUB-HOUSE.

Beginning the homeward journey, a good drive and an iron approach bring us to the tenth hole (253 yards). An overplayed approach is out of bounds in the woodland, but the Bogey of four is generally equalled in steady play.

The eleventh hole (415 yards) and the twelfth hole (442 yards) call for no especial notice. A sand-pit punishes an over-approach to the tenth green, and there are two cop-bunkers to cross in going to the twelfth. The first of these bunkers is intended as the hazard for the second shot, but it lies so far from the tee that it is often skirted, on either side, without material loss in distance. Bogey is five for each hole.

JAMES F. CURTIS.

The thirteenth hole (545 yards) is the longest on the course, and open sand-pits are the hazards for the first, second, and third shots. The road to the left is out of bounds and unplayable. The lies are good, but the golfer's driving must be first class if the hole is to be halved with Colonel Bogey in six.

The fourteenth (333 yards) is the crux of the course. If the drive is a good one, the ball will have a good lie on gently rising ground, and the green may be reached with an iron. But the green is protected by formidable hazards to both right and left, and the way in is comparatively narrow. Moreover, the unplayable railway is again to be crossed, and there are therefore three chances of trouble to one of safety. Colonel Bogey regularly does the hole in four, and his competitors may either do as well or be hopelessly distanced. It is to be remembered that a ball on the track must be dropped and played again from the same place, and if the player's nerve chances to desert him at this critical moment, the process may be repeated indefinitely.

The fifteenth hole (165 yards) may be reached in one, but the earth bunker and road are full 135 yards from the tee, and there is therefore plenty of room for error. There is no sand-pit in front of the bunker, but the road and ditches beyond are full of bad lies. As the distance to safety is a little beyond the range of a cleek, most players use the brassey, and an over-drive does but little harm. Bogey is three.

The drive to the sixteenth hole (193 yards) is over the widest stretch of the "punch-bowl," and it is about one hundred and eighty yards to level ground. But the slope is well turfed, and a tee shot of anything over 125 yards will not be punished. Bogey is four.

Going to the seventeenth hole (408 yards) there is a high cop-bunker, 100 yards away, to be carried from the tee, and a sand-pit for the second shot. Both this and the home hole are laid out over the flat, and the lies are excellent. A strong over-approach to the green may be out of bounds, and over the fence to the left is unplayable ground. Bogey is five.

A high cop-bunker is the hazard for the second shot on the eighteenth hole (383 yards), but this is the only difficulty on the way to the green, except for some long grass on the left. Colonel Bogey is credited with a five.

Bogey foots up 39 for going out and 41 for coming in, or 80 in all. I append the amateur record up to date (September 2), as made by Mr. Winthrop Rutherfurd on July 22, and since tied by Mr. W. J. Travis:

Out	4	4	4	5	5	4	6	6	5—43	=84
In	5	4	5	7	3	4	4	5	4—41	

The good points of the course are its length, the excellent condition of the fair green, the judgment shown in the situation of the hazards, and the large and true greens. The absence of a water hazard is to be regretted, and another weakness is the lack of a genuine short hole. As already pointed out, a cleek may be used at the second hole, but it is hardly possible to reach the green with it. The two other "punch-bowl" holes (the fifteenth and sixteenth) may be reached in one, but a wooden club is necessary.

It will be noted that the strict application of the local rule relating to a ball out of bounds virtually eliminates the contingency of a lost ball, with its accompanying penalty of lost hole. The rule comes into operation the instant that the ball goes into unplayable ground, and it makes no difference whether or not the ball is recovered. This rule was originally introduced at the amateur championship meeting on the Chicago Club course a year ago. It worked very well in practice, but it must be remembered that the Wheaton course is laid out in a peculiar way. Seven successive holes are bounded by a fence at a short distance to the left, and a pulled ball is consequently sure to get into trouble. At Morristown the conditions are much more varied, and the factor of safety is larger. But the rule is nevertheless made to apply not only to balls outside of the club property, but also to wild shots within it. For example, a ball sliced into the woods at the seventh hole is unplayable if it lie outside of the wire that marks the limit of the course, and despite the fact that it could easily be played out. The Wheaton rule deals only with balls that are distinctly outside of club property; the Morristown amendment applies its operation to wild shots *within* its own territory. The rule declares that a ball is out of bounds (*i. e.*, unplayable)—

(*a*) When outside of fences or other boundaries of club property, except when in the public road running *through* club property—*viz.*, from Madison Avenue to Railroad (holes 3 and 15), thence westerly, parallel with track, to point indicated by red stake (holes 4 and 14).

(*b*) When within twenty feet of the centre of the railway track, as indicated by white stakes.

(*c*) When in the woods outside a line marked by *wires*.

Paragraph *c* is certainly a far-reaching innovation upon the accepted code of the game, and directly conflicts with the fundamental principles of match play, that a ball must be played or the hole given up, and that lost ball is lost hole. A ball outside of club property may properly be declared unplayable (*vide* the rule relating to the station-master's garden at St. Andrews), but it is against all the traditions of the match game that a ball anywhere on the course should not be played from where it lies, with the single exception of water. The utmost concession would be to substitute the word *may* for *must* in the case of balls lying within six inches of a water-hydrant or similar obstruction or in a gopher-hole. It does not seem that the Morristown rule of loss of distance only is sufficient penalty for a wild drive that is hopelessly lost in the woodland; and, again, a player should not be forced to lose the advantage of an extra-long shot simply because his ball may lie an inch or so beyond the wire, plainly visible, easily played out, and distinctly upon club property.

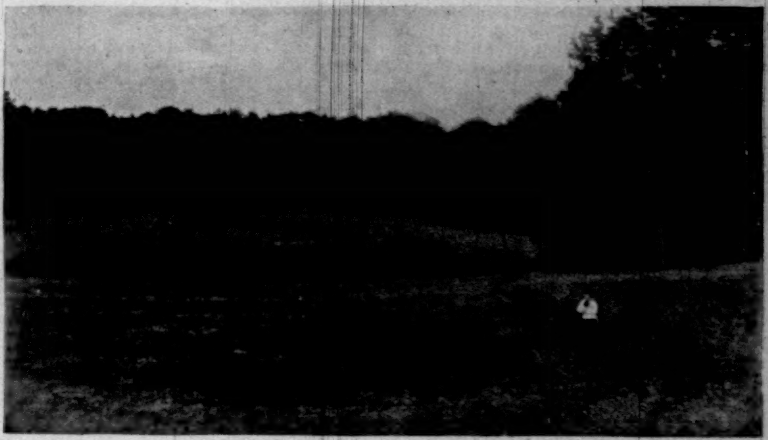
THE TENTH PUTTING-GREEN.

As to the prospects of the meeting, it seems likely that the entry list will be over the hundred mark. It is fortunate that Mr. Whigham is safely through with his war correspondence in Cuba, as otherwise his absence would deprive the event of its chief interest.

Judging from the results of the several open tournaments up to date, a list of the leading players would include the names of W. J. Travis (Oakland), F. S. Douglas (Fairfield), H. C. Leeds (Myopia), H. P. Toler (Baltusrol), G. C. Clark, Jr. (Harvard), A. M. Robbins (St. Andrews), H. B. Hollins, Jr. (Westbrook), C. B. Macdonald (Chicago), J. A. Tyng (Morris County), J. F. Curtis (Harvard), H. M. Harriman (Oakland), G. McC. Sargent (Harvard), W. D. Vanderpool (Morris County), J. G. Thorp (Brookline), and J. I. Blair (Princeton).

Travis has the top record for the season so far, and is credited with no fewer than five gold medals for the best scores in qualifying rounds and at medal play. He has also won the match-play cups at Dyker Meadows, Knollwood, and Oakland. Harriman won two gold medals at Oakland for the lowest returns in the qualifying and handicap rounds. H. P. Toler took the cup at the Baltusrol meeting, and also the gold medal for the best qualifying score. Douglas captured the Lakewood cup, and Hollins won the Shinnecock cup, and also the gold medal in the handicap. Leeds won the cup at Aiken during the winter, and made an excellent showing at the open tournament held on the Myopia Club course. J. F. Curtis is the intercollegiate champion, and Clark has been playing a very strong game in the handicap events at Shinnecock. Last season J. A. Tyng was the leading player in the Metropolitan circuit, but this year he has not put a single win to his credit, and was beaten in the finals at Seabright by Hugh K. Toler, a player who has never been thought to be in the same class with the Morris County championship. However, Tyng will certainly be among the thirty-two elect, and, once in his game, he is notoriously a hard man to beat.

The younger set, represented by Curtis and Clark, have been coming on with a rush of late, and may furnish some surprises at Morristown. But it must be remembered that the match-play rounds this year are at thirty-six instead of eighteen holes, and physical endurance may be a large factor in the final result. It is understood that this will prevent young Hollins from competing. He is hardly more than a boy, and his father thinks it best that he should wait another year.



THE EIGHTH HOLE.

Whigham and Douglas are undoubtedly at the top of the golfing tree, and if they come together the match should be the event of the meeting. Whigham beat Douglas at Chicago last September, but Douglas more than evened matters at Lakewood. Moreover, Douglas has been practising all summer, while Whigham has hardly had a chance to touch his clubs. It looks like Douglas's year, barring the dark horse.

The Bogey of 80 has already been given in detail, but it may be interesting to work out the par score, with particular reference to the kind of stroke-play required at the several holes. According to Mr. A. H. Doleman, the inventor of the system, the average first-class drive is put down at 170 yards, and of course two putts are allowed on every green.

Hole.	Strokes.	Par.	Yards.
1	Drive and quarter iron	4	288
2	Drive or brassey	3	175
3	Drive and quarter iron	4	234
4	Two drives and short pitch	5	370
5	Drive and full cleek	4	310
6	Two drives and short pitch	5	363
7	Two drives and short pitch	5	350
8	Drive and brassey	4	350
9	Two drives and half iron	5	433
10	Drive and full iron	4	253
11	Two drives and half iron	5	415
12	Two drives and full iron	5	442
13	Three drives and short pitch	6	545
14	Drive and full cleek	4	333
15	Drive or brassey	3	165
16	Drive and short pitch	4	193
17	Two drives and quarter iron	5	408
18	Two drives and short pitch	5	383

W. G. VAN T. SUTPHEN.

HAWAII.

THE RAISING OF THE STARS AND STRIPES.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

The morning of the 12th of August, 1898, dawned upon the little city of Honolulu cloudy and showery, but advancing day brought promise of fair weather, and by eleven o'clock there was nothing to fear from passing clouds. There was a holiday air about the town; stores and shops were closed everywhere, Chinese and Japanese joining unanimously in the general suspension of business; for it is a great day in the annals of this people—at noon to-day the little republic of Hawaii will become a part of the great republic of the United States of America.

Before eleven o'clock the people began to flock to the spacious grounds which surround the Executive Building. Over the front steps a long platform was built, on which were seats for the chief actors in the day's events, while on either side of this platform and in the broad verandas were seats where spectators gathered—a quiet, expectant crowd.

It is a holiday, but the faces are serious and thoughtful. There are men and women here who have labored for this hour, looking forward to it with anxious longing, and now that it has come they realize that it is a solemn occasion, not a time for noisy demonstration, and in their thankfulness for the fulfilment of their earnest desire they feel a sympathetic thrill for the kindly people whose place among the nations is soon to become vacant.

The military bodies begin to come in—first the Citizen's Guard, who take up their position on the left; next to them the Sharp-shooters; then the small band of veterans who form the George de Long Post, G.A.R. The police, under Captain Kanae, form on the right. A battalion of 319 men from the U. S. Flag-ship *Philadelphia* and the U. S. S. *Mohican* were met at the boat-landing by the National Guard of Hawaii and escorted to the grounds, where they took their station in the driveway directly in front of the official platform. The First Battalion, First Regiment of the National Guard, formed in the driveway to the left, the Second Battalion in the driveway to the right.

The diplomatic corps, government and naval officials, and distinguished guests began to take their places on the platform at 11.30. President Dole, his staff and cabinet, came about fifteen minutes later, followed by Minister Sewall, Admiral Miller and staff, Consul Haywood, Vice-Consul Boyd, Colonel Barber, commanding the First New York volunteers, to be stationed in Honolulu, and other American naval and military officers.

All stood while the Rev. G. L. Pearson, of the Methodist Church, chaplain of the last Senate of the Hawaiian Republic, offered the invocation.

The prayer was over. The soldiers changed from "rest" to "attention." Minister Sewall and President Dole arose, and as they faced each other, Minister Sewall said:

"Mr. President, I present you a certified copy of a joint resolution of the Congress of the United States, approved by the President on July 7, 1898, entitled, 'Joint resolution to provide for annexing of the Hawaiian Islands to the United States.'

"This joint resolution accepts, ratifies, and confirms on the part of the United States the cession formally consented to and approved by the republic of Hawaii."

President Dole said: "A treaty of political union having been made, and the cession formally consented to by the republic of Hawaii having been accepted by the United States of America, I now, in the interest of the Hawaiian body-politic, and with full confidence in the honor, justice, and friendship of the American people, yield up to you, representing the government of the United States, the sovereignty and public property of the Hawaiian Islands."

The signal was given, and a salute of twenty-one guns was fired in honor of the Hawaiian flag from the battery on the grounds and the flag-ship; the bands played the national anthem, "Hawaii Ponoii." There was a moment of oppressive silence—even the trade-wind held its breath; the halyards quivered, and as the "retreat" sounded, slowly the standard of Hawaii came down, clinging timidly at first to the cord, as if fearful of falling, then dropping in limp tired folds. Not a word was spoken, but not many eyes were dry, and tears rolled down the cheeks of men and women, old and young. They believed it was right and best for Hawaii and her people, but they remembered happy years under the old banner, and their hearts whispered "Aloha" as it was tenderly and reverently folded away.

Captain Berger, the band-master, with kindly consideration, had excused the Hawaiian members of the band from this duty; indeed, he would gladly have yielded his own place for a moment; but he stood his ground like a veteran, as he is, and with streaming eyes directed, for the last time officially, the playing of the hymn he had himself composed twenty-five years ago, and which he had played thousands of times.

Minister Sewall now said: "In the name of the United States of America I accept the transfer of the sovereignty and property of the Hawaiian government.

"The admiral commanding the United States naval forces in these waters will proceed to perform the duty intrusted to him."

The order is given. The bugle sounds "to colors," the bands strike up the stirring notes of the "Star-spangled Banner," and steadily and majestically rises the American flag. Higher and higher it goes; the sun, whose face has been hidden in sympathetic clouds, breaks out in brightest smile; the trade-wind's breath has come back, and as the beautiful bright banner clears the tower it is caught and flung out in broad brave folds, while the people greet it with cheers. Shore battery and ships make the air tremble with twenty-one guns, and under the waves of "Old Glory" little Hawaii claims her part in the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Minister Sewall then read a proclamation to the government of the Hawaiian Islands, in which it was stated that, in the exercise of the power conferred on him by the joint resolution, the President of the United States directs that the civil, judicial, and military powers in question shall be exercised by the officers of the republic of Hawaii as it existed just prior to the transfer of sovereignty, subject to his power to remove such officers and to fill vacancies.

All such officers and all military forces will be required at once to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, and all bonded officers to renew their bonds to the government of the United States. The municipal legislation of Hawaii, except such as relates to treaties with foreign countries, or is inconsistent with the joint resolution, or contrary to the Constitution of the United States and the present customs relations of Hawaii with the United States and other countries, remains unchanged till Congress shall have extended the customs laws and regulations of the United States to the islands.

On hearing this, people exchanged looks of satisfaction; it was reassuring to hear that no sudden or violent change was to be made in the management of affairs. It is gratifying to the native people to know that Mr. Dole is not to be immediately suspended by some total stranger who could have no interest in them. Many even of his political opponents have confidence in his affection for the Hawaiian people. He is *ka-ma-aina*, that is, an old resident, or a son of the soil. He has grown up with them and knows their manner of thought; of course he is better to them than a stranger could be.

Minister Sewall made a short but eloquent speech, in which he addressed the assembly as "Fellow-countrymen," congratulated them on the consummation of the day's record, commended their loyalty to the father-land, and urged them to help maintain the free institutions extended to them in the spirit in which they had sought them. He closed with these words: "Advance to the uplifting and upbuilding of this land, to prove it worthy to share the destiny of the great republic.

"Empire may wait, indeed, but no hand save His who holds in the hollow of His hand the fate of nations can stay that destiny.

"God bless you, my countrymen!

"God bless the United States of America!"

And the hearts of the people answered, "Amen!"

Chief-Justice Judd then administered the oath of allegiance to President Dole and his cabinet officers, and the simple but impressive ceremonies were over.

The scene now changes to the parade-ground in the rear of the Executive Building, where a hollow square is formed, three sides being composed by the police force and the National Guard, the fourth by the battalion from the war-ships. President Dole and staff, Minister Cooper, Chief-Justice Judd, Mrs. Dole, and others cross the open space, Staff-Captain Pratt bearing a silk American flag. This flag has a history. It was the personal property of Lieutenant-Commander (now Commander) Swinburne, and was carried by the *Boston* battalion while on shore duty under his command during the American protectorate of 1893.

When the *Boston* left Honolulu, Lieutenant-Commander Swinburne presented the flag to President and Mrs. Dole. Mr. Dole, in acknowledging the gift, expressed the hope that the flag would be carried by the Hawaiian forces on the consummation of annexation. The time had come for the fulfilment of this hope. President Dole presented the flag to Colonel Fisher, who tendered the thanks of the regiment. D. L. Naone, color-sergeant, received it and unfurled it in line.

Colonel Fisher and his officers then took the oath, and the regiment was sworn in by companies, those who did not wish to do so stepping aside; almost all remained. D. L. Naone is a pure Hawaiian, who has been a stanch annexationist from the beginning. He is intelligent, industrious, and conscientious. In 1896 he was Speaker of the House, and filled the position acceptably. He speaks English, and is quite capable of making his own decisions.

Another historic flag figured in the ceremonies of the day; it was the identical flag which, on the 1st of April, 1893, was hauled down by order of Mr. Blount. Lieutenant Lucien Young carried it at that time on board the *Boston*, and, having exchanged it for another, has kept it carefully during the intervening years. Before he sailed for Cuba in May he gave it to Hon. Lorrin Thurston, requesting him, if possible, to have it raised to its old place on the staff on the Judiciary Building when annexation should be accomplished. The plan was approved, and, as the new flag was raised upon the Executive Building, this old flag was drawn up to its former place, and stretching itself out in glad waves of red, white, and blue, seemed to sing aloud, "This time I have come to stay."

In the evening there were fireworks, followed by a reception and ball. It was an ideal night for such a display, clear and dark. The large grounds were literally filled with people, and the glow of the different-colored fires which were lighted from time to time among the trees made a vision of fairy-land. At nine o'clock the mimic bombardment ceased, and hundreds of incandescent lights flashed out upon the façade of the building, the central object being a great shield glowing with the national colors.

In the reception-room tasteful ladies had been busy, and ferns and palms brightened with American flags filled one end of the room, while the gorgeous scarlet and yellow blossoms of the "ponciana regia" and the graceful cluster of the "golden shower" (yellow catharticarpus) were heaped under the great mirrors. Nobody seemed to care that the Spanish colors were in evidence; the flowers were beautiful, if they were red and yellow.

But it was time for the receiving party to approach, and the people thronged the hall to watch them as they descended the broad stairway. President and Mrs. Dole came first, then Minister and Mrs. Sewall, Mrs. Damon, Admiral Miller, and Colonel Barber.

The crowd gave way to let them pass, and entering the room, they took their places in front of the great bank of ferns and palms. Long lines of people now filed in, bowed and shook hands in true democratic style, and passing on, filled the room and overflowed upon the verandas.

There have been large assemblies in this place before, but surely none so large as this, and never such a variety of peoples—Hawaiians, Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, English, Germans, Americans, high and low, rich and poor, anybody, everybody—was welcome. It was as democratic an assembly as the most exacting could demand, yet it was dignified enough to suit the most fastidious.

The dancers seemed to enjoy themselves in spite of the crowd; indeed, every one seemed to be in a great good-humor.

Perfect order was a marked characteristic of the day, notwithstanding the cosmopolitan character of the population, which is so often spoken of as an objectionable feature; no extra police or soldiers were employed, and only a single policeman had charge of the station-house.

Among the Hawaiians these events have doubtless caused some bewilderment. There are plenty of unscrupulous men who play upon their childish credulity with wild tales of slavery and robbery under American rule. When a better-informed man tells them otherwise, if he is a Hawaiian they wonder if he knows as much about it as white men who know white men's ways; if he is a white man they wonder which to believe. So it comes to pass that they are led to distrust their truest friends. Like all childlike people, it is easy to arouse their suspicions, and there are always those who are cruel enough to take advantage of their weakness.

Natives all over the islands show a readiness to take the oath of allegiance to the United States. The reluctance of the band boys to play at the lowering of the flag should not be construed as antagonism to America; it was partly sentiment, and maybe partly fear of the *Kahunas*—medicine-men—who oppose the advance of civilization for the same reason which influenced Demetrius the silversmith of Ephesus in the days of the Apostle Paul, because it interferes with their gains.

They are kindly, peaceable people, teachable and law-abiding. Under the just administration of the laws of the United States there is nothing to fear from them, as there is nothing for them to fear—for He who "has made of one blood all the nations of the earth," and who "taketh up the isles as a little thing," has been leading this people out of darkness into light, out of weakness into the strong protecting care of the greater republic.

Elizabeth Van Cleve Hall.

THE WOOD-LILY.

Within the forest's meadow-bordered hem,
Poising, light-tilted, on a single stem;
In lonely beauty; seldom seen with more
Than three companions at the forest door;
I hail thee as a messenger of grace
Sent to enliven sunless wold and space.

Slim-petaled wonder of a race too few;
Shy cousin of that tossing retinue
Which top with splendor the tall meadow grass:
Jocund are they with all the sprites that pass
—Bee, bird, and zephyr. But thou shinest alone
To brighten here the wood's umbrageous zone.

Looking the dense-roofed forest up and down,
Nothing seems more imperial than thy crown;
'Tis never far from knoll, or meadow-side,
Never uplifted with cool, flaunting pride;
But comes, in all its glorious garb arrayed,
Beauty's evangel to the gloom and shade.

Joel Benton.

PATERNALISM ON THE CONTINENT.*

Put broadly, but none too strongly, the vital difference between English-speaking countries and Continental Europe is that in the former the state exists for the benefit of the people, and in the latter the people for the benefit of the state. In the one it is the object of government to make itself felt as little as possible, and leave to the individual citizen the widest latitude of conduct in commerce, politics, and private life; in the other the theory obtains that without state supervision the individual citizen cannot be restrained from an extreme and variegated anarchy. England has long outgrown her own ideal of a paternal state, which, in Macaulay's words, "would regulate the cut of a man's coat and the number of dishes on his table," and in outgrowing it has sown half the world with the fruitful seed of Anglo-Saxon liberty. The nations of Europe, starting from the same form of commonwealth, have developed on exactly opposite lines. Instead of extending the powers of the feudal nobles to the people, they absorbed those powers into the state and made it omnipotent. While England was widening the area of authority, till each man came to look upon himself as in some way directly responsible for the well-being of his country, France and Germany gathered all power in the hands of the king and his advisers, and taught the people to look to them for guidance in everything.

The processes of these two movements and their results are set forth by Mr. Gaullieur in a series of vivid and emphatic sketches, which seem to owe some of their dramatic intensity to a study of Carlyle's literary methods. He explains that the theory of a paternal state once admitted in France has never been abandoned, and in this he finds the source of France's failure to colonize, and of the ominous growth of militarism within her borders. Under whatever form of government, Frenchmen still cling to the idea that light and leading and inventive enterprise must flow from the state alone; and so long as that doctrine is accepted, it matters not whether France is ruled by a monarchy, an empire, or a republic, for each in its turn must be absolute and despotic. Most of the troubles of modern France are due to the attempt to graft English constitutionalism on feudal ideas, to hedge round mediæval principles with a glittering fence of liberalism. The revolutions of the last hundred years have been merely a change from one form of absolutism to another and back again. They have left untouched the "ground ideas" of the French people in their relation to the state. Paternalism is still the key-note of the system, inquisitorial, blighting, repressive, and nothing but a revolution in the French character can alter it.

With Germany the case is not so very different. Mr. Gaullieur shows, in a very interesting chapter on modern Germany, how the swaddling-clothes of paternalism harass the citizen in every step he takes, and how entirely opposed to everything we understand by the word liberty are the methods by which the authority and dignity of the Kaiser and his agents are maintained. The supreme insult to the civilized world of the Dreyfus trial is equalled, if not surpassed, year after year in the German army, and in numberless trials for lèse-majesté, of which Mr. Gaullieur produces some remarkable instances. His book is a very impressive testimony to the soundness of Anglo-Saxon ideas of government, as well as a clear and cleverly written review of the principles on which the Continental nations have been reared. The right understanding of those principles is the key to much that is dark and almost unintelligible in the political condition of France and Germany to-day.

* *The Paternal State in France and Germany.* By Henry Gaullieur. New York and London: Harper & Brothers.

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